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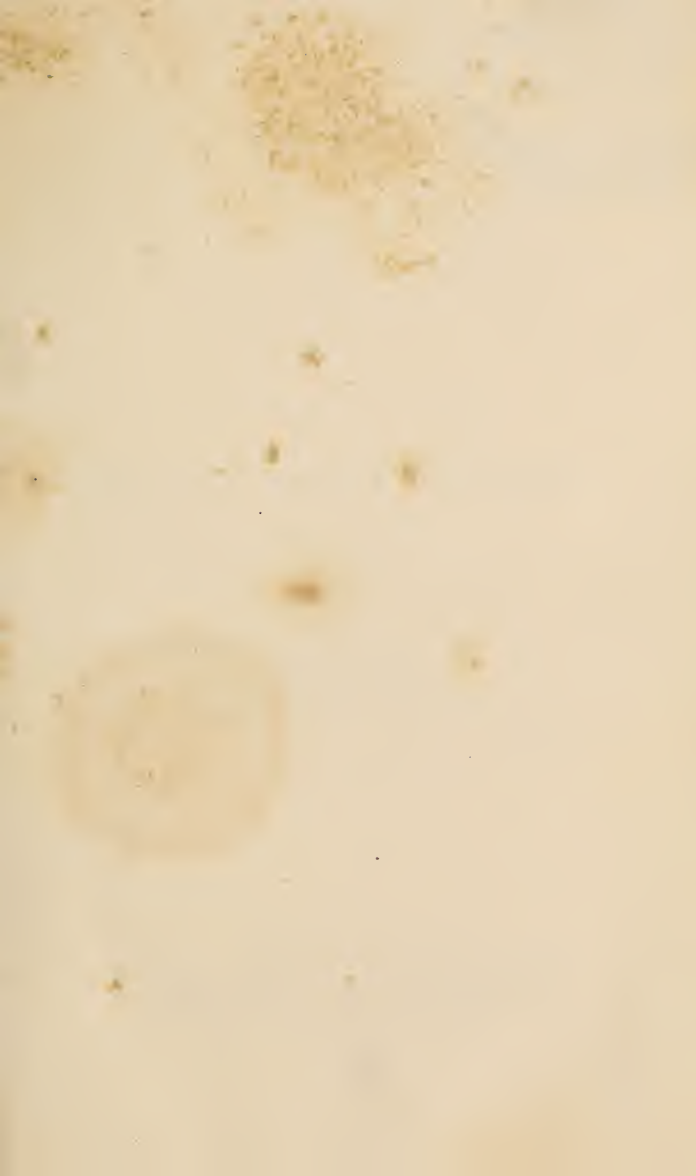
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POEMS

BY

✓✓
WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

"The Poet claims at least this praise:
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope,
In the worst moment of these evil days."

Wordsworth.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. MILLER M'KIM, 31 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
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~~~~~  
1841.

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## DEDICATORY SONNET.

TO CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

A wreath of flowers, not scentless all, nor wild,  
    Though few may challenge the fastidious eye—  
    From Life's rough wayside gathered hastily,  
On which a cloudless sun hath seldom smiled,  
I lay before thee, by the thought beguiled  
    That thou the humble offering wilt accept—  
    For well I ween thy heart hath truly kept  
The love it bore me when an artless child.  
Playmate—companion—counsellor—and friend—  
    Brother by blood, and doubly so in heart!  
    Changeless through every change to me thou art—  
And as our souls have blended, so shall blend  
Our names upon this page, that it may be  
A witness of thy worth, and of my love for thee!



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# CONTENTS.

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|                                                       |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------|----|
| "Let there be light,"                                 | 9  |
| Psalm cxlviii.                                        | 12 |
| Spring,                                               | 15 |
| "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,"            | 17 |
| Elegiac Stanzas,                                      | 20 |
| Song,                                                 | 23 |
| Stanzas, to the Abolitionists of America,             | 25 |
| Morning,                                              | 28 |
| To an Orphan,                                         | 30 |
| Beauty,                                               | 33 |
| Emancipation in the West Indies,                      | 34 |
| Winter,                                               | 37 |
| 1837, a New Year's Fancy,                             | 39 |
| Charles Follen,                                       | 46 |
| The Dying Slave,                                      | 48 |
| Hymn, sung at a Sabbath School Celebration,           | 50 |
| Expostulation, addressed to a Lady,                   | 52 |
| Stanzas, on visiting my birth-place,                  | 55 |
| Benjamin Lundy,                                       | 58 |
| An Appeal to a Clerical Friend,                       | 62 |
| Stanzas for the New Year,                             | 66 |
| Sonnet,                                               | 71 |
| Edith,                                                | 72 |
| H. A. B.,                                             | 75 |
| The Young Poetess,                                    | 78 |
| May,                                                  | 82 |
| On seeing a group of Girls kneeling in Silent Prayer, | 84 |
| A Word to the South,                                  | 86 |

|                            |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----|
| To a Playing Boy,          | - | - | - | - | 89  |
| "Let me go,"               | - | - | - | - | 91  |
| Archy Moore,               | - | - | - | - | 95  |
| James Otis Rockwell,       | - | - | - | - | 98  |
| Birth-day Song,            | - | - | - | - | 103 |
| Gone—not Lost,             | - | - | - | - | 106 |
| The Song of Captivity,     | - | - | - | - | 109 |
| Elijah Parrish Lovejoy,    | - | - | - | - | 111 |
| "Reform Convention,"       | - | - | - | - | 112 |
| Vesper Hymn,               | - | - | - | - | 116 |
| Sonnet to the North Star,  | - | - | - | - | 118 |
| June,                      | - | - | - | - | 119 |
| To my Quaker Cousin,       | - | - | - | - | 122 |
| The Widow's Offering,      | - | - | - | - | 126 |
| The Old Man's Soliloquy,   | - | - | - | - | 127 |
| The Death of the Outlaw,   | - | - | - | - | 131 |
| Almira,                    | - | - | - | - | 139 |
| The Freeman,               | - | - | - | - | 142 |
| A Song for the New Year,   | - | - | - | - | 143 |
| Marriage Hymn,             | - | - | - | - | 146 |
| Cowper,                    | - | - | - | - | 148 |
| The Champions of Slavery,  | - | - | - | - | 149 |
| Requiem,                   | - | - | - | - | 152 |
| To a Young Lady,           | - | - | - | - | 154 |
| December,                  | - | - | - | - | 156 |
| Invitation,                | - | - | - | - | 157 |
| The Dead Infant,           | - | - | - | - | 159 |
| The Fugitive,              | - | - | - | - | 160 |
| Lines,                     | - | - | - | - | 164 |
| The Fever Stricken,        | - | - | - | - | 167 |
| How Selfish are our Tears, | - | - | - | - | 170 |
| "The Earth is the Lord's," | - | - | - | - | 173 |
| Thanatymnos,               | - | - | - | - | 177 |
| Dramatic Sketch,           | - | - | - | - | 187 |
| Morning Hymn,              | - | - | - | - | 195 |

# CONTENTS.

vii.

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Evening Hymn, - - - - -             | 197 |
| Psalm xliii., - - - - -             | 199 |
| The Avenger of the Slave, - - - - - | 201 |
| Psalm xxiii., - - - - -             | 203 |
| A Description, - - - - -            | 205 |
| Beggars, - - - - -                  | 206 |

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

|                                  |     |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Solitude, - - - - -              | 211 |
| A Simile, - - - - -              | 212 |
| Consolation, - - - - -           | ib. |
| Faith, - - - - -                 | 213 |
| Moral Reformers, - - - - -       | 214 |
| The Dead Child, - - - - -        | ib. |
| The Captivity, - - - - -         | 216 |
| The French Revolution, - - - - - | 217 |
| Influence of Spring, - - - - -   | ib. |
| Rain, - - - - -                  | 218 |
| A Lament, - - - - -              | 219 |
| Absence, - - - - -               | ib. |
| Forgiveness, - - - - -           | 220 |
| Winds, - - - - -                 | 221 |
| The Idler, - - - - -             | 222 |
| Sabbath Morning, - - - - -       | ib. |
| The Pilgrim Fathers, - - - - -   | 223 |
| Expostulation, - - - - -         | 224 |
| Supplication, - - - - -          | 226 |
| Lovejoy, - - - - -               | ib. |
| The Wife of Lovejoy, - - - - -   | 227 |
| The Farewell, - - - - -          | 228 |
| Summer, - - - - -                | 229 |
| Noon in Midsummer, - - - - -     | 230 |
| Hope, - - - - -                  | 231 |
| A. C. R., - - - - -              | 232 |
| To my Infant Daughter, - - - - - | ib. |

|                           |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Orat Illa, -              | - | - | - | - | - | 233 |
| Never Despair, -          | - | - | - | - | - | 234 |
| Sickness, -               | - | - | - | - | - | 235 |
| Mary Howitt, -            | - | - | - | - | - | ib. |
| Twilight, -               | - | - | - | - | - | 236 |
| Night, -                  | - | - | - | - | - | 237 |
| Love's Triumph, -         | - | - | - | - | - | ib. |
| Constancy, -              | - | - | - | - | - | 238 |
| Harriet, -                | - | - | - | - | - | 239 |
| Stars, -                  | - | - | - | - | - | 240 |
| The Farewell of Summer, - | - | - | - | - | - | ib. |
| Autumn, -                 | - | - | - | - | - | 241 |
| Winter, -                 | - | - | - | - | - | 242 |
| January 1, 1834, -        | - | - | - | - | - | ib. |
| War, -                    | - | - | - | - | - | 243 |
| Peace, -                  | - | - | - | - | - | 244 |
| L'Envoi, -                | - | - | - | - | - | 246 |





“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

NIGHT, stern, eternal, and alone,  
Girded with solemn silence round,  
Majestic on his starless throne,  
Sat brooding o’er the vast profound—  
And there unbroken darkness lay,  
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,  
While circling Ages wheeled away  
Unnoted ’mid the voiceless gloom.

Then moved upon the waveless deep  
The quickening SPIRIT of the LORD,  
And broken was its pulseless sleep  
Before the EVERLASTING WORD!  
“LET THERE BE LIGHT!” and listening Earth,  
With tree and plant and flowery sod,  
‘In the beginning’ sprang to birth,  
Obedient to the voice of GOD.

Then in his burning track, the Sun  
Trode onward to his joyous Noon,  
And in the heavens, one by one,  
Clustered the stars around the Moon—  
In glory bathed, the radiant Day  
Wore like a king his crown of light—  
And, girdled by the "Milky Way,"  
How queenly looked the star-gemmed Night!

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang  
Triumphantly the notes of song;  
The morning stars together sang  
In concert with the heavenly throng;  
And Earth, enraptured, caught the strain  
That thrilled along her fields of air,  
Till every mountain top and plain  
Flung back an answering echo there!

CREATOR! let thy Spirit shine  
The darkness of our souls within,  
And lead us by thy grace divine  
From the forbidden paths of sin;  
And may that Voice which bade the earth  
From Chaos and the realms of Night,  
From doubt and darkness call us forth  
To God's own liberty and light!

Thus, made partakers of Thy love,  
The baptism of the Spirit ours,  
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,  
Renewed in purposes and powers;  
And songs of joy again shall ring  
Triumphant through the arch of Heaven—  
The glorious songs which angels sing,  
Exulting over souls forgiven!

## PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! let sounds of praise  
From every mountain-top be poured ;  
And from the heavens your voices raise  
In songs of glory to the Lord !

Praise Him, ye angel throngs who stand  
In radiant ranks around his throne—  
Ye hosts who wait at his command,  
Make his eternal glory known !

Sun ! burning in thy path of light,  
And flinging thy rich gifts abroad—  
Stars ! watchers of the solemn Night—  
Praise ye the everlasting God !

Called into being by His word,  
Who still his watch around you keeps ;  
Sing praises to the sovereign Lord,  
Ye heavens of heavens—ye upper deeps !

Earth and her waters—fire and hail—

Vapors obedient to His will—

The fleecy snow, the stormy gale,

His word commissioned to fulfil—

The mountains, tossing to the sky

Their snowy heads in proud disdain—

The hills beneath whose shadows lie

The riches of the ripening grain—

Trees, laden with their luscious fruit—

Cedars, that rise like columns tall—

The creeping insect, and the brute

Obedient to his master's call—

The joyous bird, whose winnowing wings

Are freely to the breezes given ;

That soars exultingly, and sings

As if its song were learned in Heaven—

Kings of the earth, whose sceptred hand

Is clothed with majesty and power—

Princes and judges of the land,

Before whose presence Guilt doth cower—

High-hearted Youth, within whose breast  
Heaves darkly Passion's lava-tide—  
Maidens, in virgin beauty dress'd—  
Old Age, with Childhood by his side—

Reverent, let all with glad accord,  
Blending their many tones in one,  
Shout hallelujahs to the Lord,  
Whose name is excellent alone!—

Whose glory above Earth and Heaven,  
Untarnished, evermore shall dwell—  
Praise Him, ye saints! to God be given  
The praises of His ISRAEL!

## SPRING.

THE sweet South wind, so long  
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,  
Or dallying gaily with the orange-trees  
In the bright Land of Song,  
Wakes unto us and laughingly sweeps by,  
Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The laborer at his toil  
Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts  
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—  
The aromatic spoil  
Borne from the blossoming gardens of the South—  
While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth.

The bursting buds look up  
To greet the sun-light, while it lingers yet  
On the warm hill-side,—and the violet  
Opens its azure cup  
Meekly, and countless wild-flowers wake to fling  
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

The reptile, that hath lain  
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,  
Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom  
Up to the light again—  
And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill  
To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise  
From Universal Nature—birds and streams  
Mingle their voices, and the glad Earth seems  
A second Paradise!  
Thrice blessed Spring!—thou bearest gifts divine!  
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine,

Nor unto Earth alone—  
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,  
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,  
Telling of Winter flown,  
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,  
Type of Eternal Life—thrice blessed Spring!

“AS THY DAY IS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH  
BE.”

PILGRIM! treading feebly on,  
Smitten by the torrid sun—  
Hoping for the cooling rain,  
Looking for the shade in vain,—  
Travel-worn and faint at heart,  
Weak and weary as thou art,  
Let thy spirit not repine,  
Shade and shelter shall be thine;  
Friendly hands to thee shall bring  
Water from the cooling spring,  
And the voice thou lovest best  
Call the wanderer to his rest:  
God hath said, to comfort thee,  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be!”

Watcher by the bed of death!  
Waiting for the latest breath  
Of the loved, whose heart hath grown  
Close, and closer to thine own—

Gazing on the fading eye  
Long, and oh, how mournfully !  
While Remembrance travels back  
Over Being's vanished track,  
Multiplying present wo  
By the joys of "long ago,"  
Till thy tears are poured like rain,  
And thy spirit writhes with pain;  
To this blessed promise flee—  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Mother! from thy sheltering breast  
To his dark and dreamless rest  
They have borne thy fair-haired boy,  
Him who was thy hope and joy—  
Him who was thy only stay  
When his father passed away;  
Coldly by that father's side  
Now decays thy flower of pride,  
And thy widowed heart is left  
Doubly wounded—twice bereft!  
Yet the God who smites to heal  
Can for human anguish feel;  
He will find a balm for thee—  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Christian! toiling for the prize  
Kept for thee beyond the skies—  
Warring with the powers of sin,  
Foes without and foes within—  
Breathing now in rapture's air,  
Verging then upon despair—  
Trembling, hoping, filled with pain,  
Yet rejoicing once again;  
Shrink not from Life's bitter cup,  
God shall bear thy spirit up—  
He shall lead thee safely on  
Till the ark of rest is won—  
Till thy spirit is set free:—  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be!”

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SHE hath gone in the spring-time of life,  
Ere her sky had been dimmed by a cloud,  
While her heart with the rapture of love was yet rife,  
And the hopes of her youth were unbowed—  
From the lovely, who loved her too well—  
From the Heart that had grown to her own—  
From the sorrow which late o'er her young spirit fell,  
Like a dream of the night she hath flown;  
And the earth hath received to its bosom its trust—  
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

The Spring, in its loveliness drest,  
Will return with its music-winged hours,  
And, kissed by the breath of the sweet South-west,  
The buds shall burst out into flowers;  
And the flowers her grave-sod above—  
Though the sleeper beneath recks it not—  
Shall thickly be strown by the hand of Love,  
To cover with beauty the spot—  
Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,  
Who faded and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the Spring will return—but the blossom  
That bloomed in our presence the sweetest,  
By the Spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom,—  
The loveliest of all and the fleetest !  
The music of stream and of bird  
Shall come back when the winter is o'er ;  
But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard  
In our desolate chambers no more !  
The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver—  
The light of *her* eye hath departed for ever !

As the bird to its sheltering nest,  
When the storm on the hills is abroad,  
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest  
To repose on the bosom of God !  
Where the sorrows of earth never more  
May fling o'er its brightness a stain ;  
Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,  
With a gladness unmingled with pain ;  
And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which  
spring,  
Like a river of light, from the Throne of THE KING !

There is weeping on earth for the lost !  
There is bowing in grief to the ground !

But rejoicing and praise mid the sanctified host,  
For a spirit in Paradise found !  
Though brightness hath passed from the earth,  
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,  
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,  
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy !  
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given  
To the breezes that float o'er the GARDENS OF HEAVEN !

## SONG.

BELIEVE not the slander, my dearest Katrine!

For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart;  
In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine

Where thou art remembered, all pure as thou art:  
The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,

Though it sweep away hope in its turbulent flow,  
Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,  
Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow  
faint

In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of earth;  
And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint

May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth.  
Temptations and trials, without and within,

From the pathway of Virtue the spirit may lure;  
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er Sin  
And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,

Wrote thy name, oh adored ! when my feelings were  
young ;

And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,

And the darkness of Death o'er my being be flung.

Then believe not the slander that says I forget,

In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine ;  
Thou wert dear in my boyhood—art dear to me yet—

For my sunlight of life is the smile of Katrine !

## STANZAS,

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF AMERICA.

ToIL and pray !  
Groweth flesh and spirit faint ?  
Think of her who pours her plaint  
All the day—  
Her—the wretched negro wife,  
Robbed of all that sweetens life—  
Her—who weeps in anguish wild  
For the husband and the child  
Torn away !—

Nature's ties,  
Binding heart with kindred heart,  
Rent remorselessly apart—  
Tears and sighs,  
Shrieks and prayers unheeded given,  
Calling out from earth to heaven—  
All that speaks the slave's distress—  
All that in his cup doth press  
Agonies—

Wo and blight,  
Broken heart and palsied mind,  
Reason crushed and conscience blind,  
Darkest night  
Shutting from the spirit's eye,  
Light and glory from on high—  
Think of these—and *falter not!*  
Toil—until the slave is brought  
Up to light!

What though Hate  
Darkly scowls upon your path?  
Fear not ye the tyrant's wrath—  
Hope, and wait—  
For though long the strife endure,  
Freedom's triumph shall be sure—  
Toil in faith, for God hath spoken,  
Every fetter shall be broken,  
Soon or late.

Not in vain  
Hath been heard your voice of warning—  
Lo! a better day is dawning;  
And again

Shall be heard, from sea to sea,  
Loudest songs of jubilee,  
Bursting from a franchised nation,  
As it leaps in exultation  
From the chain!

## MORNING.

UP, Sluggard, from thy pallet! Lo, the East  
Heralds the coming of another day!  
The burning Sun advanceth, like a God,  
To fling his wealth of light upon the world;  
And the gray mists that in the vale have slept  
Through all the solemn night, are curling up,  
Slowly and silently, as if to steal  
The golden splendor from the Fount of Day,  
And weave it in their undulating folds!  
The conscious Earth is blushing in the light,  
As a coy maiden, when she meets the glance  
Of an impassioned lover—and the streams,  
Leaping and sparkling in the morning ray,  
Send gaily forth their gurgling melody,  
As if they knew another day was born.  
The breezes, fragrance-laden, have awaked  
From their brief slumber, and are fitting now  
On their light pinions over hill and plain,  
Wooing the perfume from the opening flowers,

And dallying with the leaflets. Every tree  
Is vocal with the melody of birds;  
And the awakening herbage flings abroad  
Its dewy incense on the odorous air,  
As conscious that its Maker will accept  
The grateful offering—and many a voice  
From vale and mountain and from shady grove,  
Joins in the general anthem.

## TO AN ORPHAN.

“When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the LORD will take thee up.”

FORGET not Him—forget not Him—

Though Sorrow shades thy pathway now,  
And grows life's pleasant sunshine dim,

Whose light made radiant once thy brow—  
For He can soothe thine aching heart,

And make thy wounded spirit whole;  
His voice can bid the gloom depart  
That darkly gathers round thy soul.

Though Fortune may have sternly frowned,  
And crushed the budding hopes of youth—

Though Joy in Misery's flood is drowned,  
And thou hast learned the bitter truth

That “Man is born to trouble here,”  
And sorrow is our mortal lot—

Yet still hope on—and though in fear,  
Forget Him not—forget Him not!

Though she who watched thine infant years

In love that mothers only know,

May never wipe again thy tears,

Nor soothe with gentlest voice thy wo—

Nor bend again above her girl

To kiss the hot and throbbing brow,

Or wreath around her hand the curl

That shadows o'er thy temple now—

And though that voice, whose every tone

Was music to thy listening ear,

Hath from our earth for ever gone,

No more to thrill thy spirit here—

Yet feel not that thou art all lonely,

A torn branch from the parent vine—

For that blest balm which cometh only

To the meek spirit, shall be thine !

Despair thou not, though icy chill

The hand of Want on thee may press—

It never can—it never will

Obscure thy *spirit's* loveliness !

Though dark, perchance, hath been thy morn,

And angry clouds have gathered o'er ;

A brighter day for thee shall dawn,

And sorrow flee for evermore !

There is *one* heart which beats with thine—  
Which saddens when thine eye is sad—  
Aches, when thy spirit doth repine,  
And thrills with joy when thou art glad!  
That lonely heart will love thee still,  
When falser ones have turned away;  
Unchanged alike in joy or ill,  
Cling fondly unto thine for aye!

And when that heart, as soon it must,  
Lies mouldering beneath the sod,  
Still there is *ONE* in whom to trust—  
The orphan's *FATHER* and her *GOD*!  
Forget not *Him*—forget not *Him*,  
And e'en on earth thou shalt be blessed;  
And, when thy lamp of life is dim,  
His hand shall guide thee to thy rest!

## BEAUTY.

BEAUTY can never die. The tinted cheek  
May lose its delicate color, and the brow  
Reveal the furrows of unsparing Time—  
The eye forget its lustre, and the voice  
Gush forth no more in music—Age may bow  
The now unequalled form, and chain the step  
Whose touch elastic crushes scarce the flower—  
Wo, Want, Disease, and Death, each in his turn,  
May wreak his vengeance on the suffering clay,  
Till to the sensual eye no grace remains—  
Yet not one ray of that internal fire  
Which is the *life* of beauty, and its *all*,  
Shall e'er be quenched or dimmed! It liveth on,  
The same ethereal essence—chance nor change  
Can pale its light, nor mar its perfectness—  
The gift of God, eternal as Himself,  
It grows in glory as its years increase!

Such beauty, dearest Isadore! is thine—  
The beauty of a soul that long hath held  
Companionship with purity and truth,  
And known their deepest, holiest baptism!

## EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

WHERE laugh the bright Antilles  
Amid the Southern main,  
Oppression long in pride had ruled  
With bloody scourge and chain—  
The negro, crushed beneath his hand,  
Bent at his cheerless toil,  
And poured his unavailing tears  
Upon the thirsty soil.

Curses and groans went upward  
Continually to God,  
And shrieks which vexed the quiet air  
Where'er the tyrant trod—  
The negro's cup was dregged with tears,  
And—darkest, dreariest fate—  
His fetters clanked within his soul,  
And made it desolate.

Year after year of bondage  
The self-same story told  
Of guilt, and woe, and severed hearts,  
Mothers and children sold—

Hopes crushed, affections blighted, ties  
The holiest, rent in twain,  
And myriad victims flung upon  
Thy bloody altar, Gain!

God saw it all!—the record  
Was traced before His eye—  
And in His own good time He sent  
Deliverance from on high!  
For the oppression of the poor  
He rose, and shook the earth;  
His hand unlocked the prison door  
And led the captives forth.

Then swelled the choral anthem  
Those sunny isles among—  
The freedman shouted in his joy,  
And songs were on his tongue—  
Songs of thanksgiving—bursts of prayer,  
On every hill were heard;  
The vales were vocal, and the air  
With melody was stirred!

Praise to Thy name, Jehovah!  
Who hath deliverance wrought!—

We view the wonders of Thy power,  
With reverential thought;  
We cry to Thee in faith—oh Lord!  
Stretch forth Thy helping hand,—  
Break the strong fetters of the slave,  
And spare our guilty land!

## WINTER.

How beautiful is Winter! Earth hath put  
Her snowy vesture on, and the wide fields  
Glisten beneath the radiance of the sun,  
A waveless ocean of most dazzling white.  
In the slant sunbeams flashing, the tall trees  
Lift up their jewelled crests, with regal pride,  
As conscious of their beauty,—and, at times,  
By the faint wind caressed, profusely fling  
Down to the earth, the burden of their gems.  
The Frost, with his most cunning ministry,  
Hath visited the streams, whose drowsy song,  
Through the long summer time, continuously  
Stirred the soft air—and stream and song are still:  
Yet might the ripple's curl deceive the eye,  
So much it looks like motion—and the wave  
Still seems to fret along its rocky bed,  
And dash adown the cascade with its spray.

Where, o'er the deep ravine, the precipice  
Frowns, and the water from its hidden springs

Trickled, erewhile, along the rocky ledge  
And sought with frequent plunge the depth below,  
See! in what varied and fantastic forms  
Those drops, congealed, are wrought! How different all;  
Yet all, how beautiful! Pillars of pearl,  
Propping the cliffs above—stalactites bright  
From the ice-roof depending; and beneath,  
Grottoes and temples with their crystal spires  
And gleaming columns radiant in the sun—  
Thrones carved from purest porphyry, whereon sit  
Tall warrior-forms in coats of dazzling mail—  
And strown profusely over all, rich gems  
Shifting, with rainbow hues, and flashing back  
The intrusive sunlight—these are thine, Oh Frost!  
*Thy* marvellous doings, wizard Architect!  
For thus thou praisest God!—and we will praise  
His name with hymns, that He has sent us thee  
With power to make the Winter beautiful.

1837.

A NEW YEAR'S FANCY.

AN old man stood on a precipice-verge—

A gray old man was he ;

And a saddened light was in his eye,

As the mourner wind went sighing by,

And his glance was on the sea :

Below his feet was the warring surge,

Where the crested waves each other urge

In fury and wrath to the ragged rocks,

That quiver not to their mighty shocks,

However fierce they be.

Bowed with age was the old man's form,

And his cheek was deeply ploughed

With the share of Time—or haply, Thought

On the old man's face those furrows wrought,

While his bearing yet was proud ;

For the blood of Youth may still be warm,

While the brow bears record of many a storm

That the tortured thought has known within,  
When the quickened spirit fought with sin,  
Or the woes that on it crowd.

Quaint was the dress that the old man wore,  
For a queer old man was he;  
His bony legs were crowded in  
To tight small breeks of a white bear's skin,  
All buckled at the knee:  
A blanket was flung his shoulders o'er,  
And pinned with icicles up before;  
Like a thin snow-wreath, above them all,  
Gleaming and bright, was a shadowy pall:  
'T was a solemn sight to see!

With a troubled mind, the old man thought  
On the waves that foamed below;  
He tottered along to the farthest verge  
Of the slippery rock, and viewed the surge  
With an aspect full of wo:  
What in the deep the old man sought,  
Legend or lay revealeth not;  
But his gaze was long, and his eye grew dim,  
Till in blinding tears it seemed to swim:  
Why wept the old man so?

Over his head was a broken tree,  
    Killed by the lightning-stroke ;  
And an owl sat there with half-closed eye,  
And poured on the air his boding cry,  
    Till the mountain echoes woke :  
And, floating over the solemn sea,  
A mournful dirge it seemed to be—  
A mournful dirge for the buried dead ;  
And sadly the old man raised his head,  
    And feebly, faintly spoke :

“ The death-song of the Year !  
It tells me that my errand here is done,  
That I have gazed upon my latest sun—  
    What further do I here ?  
Trembling above the ocean of the Past,  
Yet feebly clinging while my moments last—  
    “ Clinging to Life—in vain !—

The deep sea yawns before me—'t is the grave  
Of vanished Years. Oblivion's turbid wave  
    Flings not to light again  
The buried treasures of the olden time—  
Rolling alike o'er Innocence and Crime !

“I go—and as I die,  
The gay will laugh, forgetful of their doom,  
Frolicking on the borders of the tomb

In thoughtless revelry:  
Let them sport on beneath their sunny sky;  
Too soon, alas, the storm will hurtle by!

“In the lone closet now,  
Clasping the hallowed Book, the good man kneels,  
Communing with the Past, while faintly steals

Across his placid brow  
The mournful light of memory, soft and dim—  
Oh, holy treasures hath this hour for him!

“With love that cannot tire,  
The mourning mother by the cradle-bed  
Watches her wailing infant, while its head  
Burns with the fever-fire!  
The cold gray morn will come and find her there—  
The living with the dead—Death and Despair!

“The giddy world wheels on,  
Unmindful of the lessons of the Past;  
Yet one more warning—it will be my last—  
The Old Year's dying tone;

Mortal! we meet again: so live, while here,  
That you may call your last your happiest year."

---

The old man paused—for the icy rock  
Quivered beneath his tread;  
An angry scowl came over the sky,  
And a sudden earthquake thundered by—  
'Twas an hour of fear and dread!  
The tall old mountains felt the shock,  
And the sea heaved up, as if to mock  
The old man's terror and despair,  
As he gurgled out his dying prayer—  
And THIRTY-SEVEN was dead!

---

Trembling, quivering on the air,  
Like the solemn voice of prayer  
Heard amid the forests dim,  
Rose a low and mournful hymn—  
Faintly now, as if its tones  
Trembled into dying moans,  
Or were almost hushed to peace,  
Waiting for the soul's release—  
Then again in triumph swelling  
Upward to the spirit's dwelling,

Ringing through the clear blue sky  
With a sudden melody!

'Twas the requiem of the Year,  
Chanted in another sphere!  
Fairy harps were faintly ringing,  
Elfin voices low were singing,  
While the spirits of the air  
Poured their willing music there;  
And, if rendered not amiss,  
Something was their song like this:

“ Oh, weep for the Earth and the children of men!  
Awake the sad music of mountain and glen!  
Pour out the deep voice of lament on the blast,  
For a Year hath gone down to the grave of the Past!

“ A Year!—and the Earth waxeth old in its sin,  
Though the fires of destruction burn hotly within;  
Though her end draweth near, and the time will not wait  
When the voice of the Spoiler shall sound at her gate!

“ Lament! for the Year, with its promise of bliss,  
Hath gone from a world full of mourning like this;  
And the hopes that it brought have been trampled in dust,  
And its paths have been paved with the hearts of the just!

“Rejoice! for the day of redemption draws nigh!  
Let loud hallelujahs resound through the sky!  
Let the Years roll away, and the darkness shall flee—  
Rejoice and exult, for **THE EARTH SHALL BE FRRE!**”

## CHARLES FOLLEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

QUENCHED is another star, which burned  
With steady light and lustre pure;  
Though others from their orbits turned,  
Its course on Freedom's path was sure:  
Though round it roared the storms of time  
And vapors gathered thick and black,  
Still onward, in its strength sublime,  
It swerved not from its radiant track.

A heart that glowed with warmth divine,  
Pleading for human rights, is still—  
In faith, in courage how like thine,  
Brave HERMANN!—unsubdued by ill!  
With lyre and sword amid the fight,  
None struck a surer blow than he,  
That from the holy seed there might  
Come the rich fruits of Liberty!

A harp—'twas Freedom's own—whose strings  
Trembled with music rich and rare,  
Like tones some wandering seraph flings  
Abroad upon the twilight air,  
Lies shattered now—its master-bard  
Is gathered with Death's countless throng—  
Alas!—that henceforth can be heard  
Only the echo of his song.

Science! a chosen priest of thine  
Is snatched away, whose liberal hand  
Flung richest offerings on thy shrine,  
And oped, to his adopted land,  
The priceless treasures of his own—  
With gifts and graces to adorn  
The ranks where he conspicuous shone,  
Of choicest spirits, German-born.

Whilst warred the elements around—  
Flood, Frost, and Fire—he heard a call;  
The fleshly fetter was unbound,  
And the freed soul, o'erleaping all,  
Soared to the mansions of the blest,  
Where pain and sorrow cannot be.  
He whom two worlds with love caressed,  
Is covered by the soundless sea!

## THE DYING SLAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. L. I. KIDERLEN.

AROUND the sick-bed of their gray-haired friend  
Stand brother slaves in silence, while each face  
Reveals the anguish that the spirit feels,  
As homeward to their distant country, turns  
Their old companion. Suddenly he spoke :

“Slowly my strength is ebbing—and the band,  
That long hath held the soul to cumbrous clay,  
Loosens—while springs exultingly away  
The fetterless spirit to our Fatherland ;  
To live anew ’midst blessedness unspoken,  
Its sorrows vanished and its fetters broken.

“Brothers—farewell ! Oh, never more for me  
Be your cheeks stained with weeping—for is not  
Mine, after years of pain, a joyful lot,  
From the oppressor’s hate, scorn, avarice free ?  
My soul even longs to know this body thrust  
In Earth’s dark womb—dust to its kindred dust.

“Let not the white man, with his words of guile,  
Deceive your hearts—but, faithful unto death,  
Hold fast, through all, your father's better faith—  
For gladly in their malice, would they wile  
Even this away—those batteners on our blood—  
And rob you of your last remaining good.

“Smooth words they speak of God's impartial love,  
That, haply, they may lure you to the Cross—  
Believe them not—their promises are dross—  
By the red scourge that tears our backs they prove  
Their hearts are stone, their eyes know not compassion,  
But on our anguish gleam with exultation.

“Who loves the arrow that hath drank his gore?  
Implacable, eternal, be your hate  
Of the hard tyrants who, with pride elate,  
Have trod you down. But this with me is o'er—  
Enough that our worn bodies drag the chain—  
Free, free till death our spirits shall remain.”

And with the last word on his quivering lips,  
Heavily sinks his gray head on his breast—  
Life's latest sands are shaken from the glass,  
And naked stands the soul before its God.

## HYMN,

SUNG AT A SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION ON THE FOURTH  
OF JULY.

THIS is our Freedom's natal day,  
And on thy bloodless altar, Lord!  
Our sacrifice of praise we lay,  
In solemn joy with one accord.

Not with the warlike pageant's pomp,  
Not with the sound of fife and drum,  
Not with the blast of the mighty tromp,  
Into thy holy house we come!

No war-rent banner flouts the sky  
In pride above our gathered ranks—  
No red-mouthed cannon gives reply  
In thunder to our solemn thanks.

The praises of our warrior-sires—  
The blood-bought honors of the dead,  
We pour not from our tuneful lyres,  
Jehovah! as Thy courts we tread.

*Thine* are the honors which we pay,  
As in Thy temple-gates we stand—  
*Thine* be the triumphs of the day!  
And this, the Sabbath of our land!

We celebrate our Nation's birth,  
Not with profane, unholy songs—  
Not amid rioting and mirth—  
But with hosannas on our tongues!

Blessing Thy goodness for the past,  
And trustful of thy favor still,  
We hold each precious promise fast,  
And humbly wait to know Thy will.

## EXPOSTULATION.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO SUFFERED DESPONDENCY TO  
OVERCOME HER LOVE OF LITERARY PURSUITS.

MINSTREL of the pensive lyre!

Wherefore sleeps thy harp so long?

Wake again its strings of fire—

Pour anew thy witching song.

Lives with thee the power to bind

In the silken bonds of mind,

Hopes, and fears, and thoughts, and feelings,

All the spirit's high revealings—

Thou canst chain them with a spell,

In a bondage sweet and strong.

With the charm unspeakable

Which abideth in thy song.

Maiden minstrel! can the thrush

Be unmindful of her lay,

When upon the forests gush

Glories of the rising day?

Can the lark with tuneful throat  
Be oblivious of his note,  
As he soars with tireless pinion  
Upward to the cloud's dominion,  
Drinking in the beauties born  
Of the rising mists of Morn,  
As they catch the virgin ray  
Streaming from the Fount of Day?

Can the harp by fairies kept,  
Viewless, in the wavy air,  
By the wizard breezes swept,  
E'er forget its music there?  
Can the song, that Zephyr weaves  
Gaily in the forest leaves,  
Cease its witching notes to fling  
Out upon the Zephyr's wing?  
Can the stars that sung together  
When the Universe was born,  
As they track the boundless ether,  
Watching for the golden dawn,  
Hush the harmony, which erst  
From their spiritual lyres  
Like a living torrent burst  
Echoing to Heaven's choirs?

Can it be that one like thee,  
Child of sweetest Poesy !  
With a power to waken song  
    Whose surpassing eloquence  
    With a rapture most intense  
Thrills the listener's heart along  
And the witchery knowing well  
That in poets' numbers dwell—  
Still will keep thy harp unstrung  
Idly on the willow hung?  
Is an evil spell upon thee?  
Hath despair for ever won thee?  
Shutting glory from thine eyes,  
Checking even the wish to rise?  
Nay!—nor ever shall it be—  
Deathless fame awaiteth thee!  
Break the fetters which have bound thee  
    In their icy thrall!  
Up!—and friends shall crowd around thee  
    Eager at thy call—  
Let thy spirit never more  
    At its lot repine,  
For, the night of darkness o'er,  
    Glory shall be thine!

## STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON VISITING MY BIRTH-PLACE AFTER YEARS OF  
ABSENCE.

WE are scattered—we are scattered—

Though a jolly band were we!

Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,

And some are o'er the sea;

And Time hath wrought his changes

On the few who yet remain;

The joyous band that once we were

We cannot be again!

We are scattered—we are scattered!—

Upon the village green,

Where we played in boyish recklessness,

How few of us are seen!

And the hearts that beat so lightly

In the joyousness of youth—

Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,

And some have lost their truth.

The Beautiful—the Beautiful  
Are faded from our track !  
We miss them and we mourn them,  
But we cannot lure them back ;  
For an iron sleep hath bound them  
In its passionless embrace—  
We may weep—but cannot win them  
From their dreary resting-place.

How mournfully—how mournfully  
The memory doth come  
Of the thousand scenes of happiness  
Around our childhood's home !  
A salutary sadness  
Is brooding o'er the heart,  
As it dwells upon remembrances  
From which it will not part.

The memory—the memory—  
How fondly doth it gaze  
Upon the magic loveliness  
Of childhood's fleeting days !  
The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—  
The smile upon its lips—  
They all have gone !—but left a light  
Which time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness  
Of boyhood must depart;  
Then comes the sense of loneliness  
Upon the stricken heart!  
We will not, or we cannot fling  
Its sadness from our breast—  
We cling to it instinctively—  
We pant for its unrest!

We are scattered—we are scattered!  
Yet may we meet again  
In a brighter and a purer sphere,  
Beyond the reach of pain!  
Where the shadows of this lower world  
Can never cloud the eye—  
When the mortal hath put brightly on  
Its IMMORTALITY!

BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Wo! for thy many triumphs, Death!  
Wo! that the righteous perisheth,  
    And no man layeth it to heart!  
Yet hath his spirit sweet release,  
His troubles and his trials cease,  
And ever in the perfect peace  
    Of God he hath a part.

Such bliss is thine, oh thou! whose name  
By generous deeds is linked to fame—  
Thou—whom no danger could appal  
When mindful of the heavenly call,  
To loose the slave from tyrant-thrall,  
    Thy country from its shame—  
Nor toil, nor pain, nor scorn, nor wrath,  
Nor ruffian threats of stripes and death,  
Could turn thee back from duty's path,  
    In courage still the same.

In other days, when Slavery's power  
Had triumphed in an evil hour,  
And wearied with the bootless strife—  
    With fainting heart and feeble hand,  
    Dejected stood the Spartan band,  
Who warred for *right* as men for life--  
    To thee 'twas given to rouse the land :  
Young, poor, untitled, and unknown,  
With fearless breath thy trump was blown,  
And on the winds thy banner thrown  
    Abroad with single hand !

Weeks, months, and years went by, and still,  
Amidst accumulated ill,  
    Thy spirit shrank not from its trial ;  
But, true to God and human weal,  
Pressed on with unabated zeal,  
    In peril and in self-denial—  
Till, roused by thee, the good awoke—  
    The dreamless sleep of years was broke—  
    Men started from repose, and saw  
The trampled slave, with lifted eye,  
Imploring in his agony  
The Christian's succor ere he die—  
    The blessings of the Christian's law--

And underneath thy banner's fold,  
The aged man, the stripling bold,  
In mustering multitudes enrolled,  
And hurried to the war!

Peace be to thee who gave no peace  
To Freedom's foes till life did cease!

Oh, hadst thou lived to see  
The triumph of thy noble cause,  
The reign of RIGHT and EQUAL LAWS,  
And listen to the world's applause,  
Which yet shall sound for thee—  
How had thy spirit leaped to join,  
With strength and ecstasy divine,  
The anthem of the free!

Rest, FRIEND OF MAN!—thy grave shall be

Henceforth a shrine, where pilgrim-feet  
Shall press the turf that covers thee—

And pilgrims' lips thy deeds repeat—  
How, in an evil age and time,  
Thy voice rebuked the tyrant's crime,  
And bade the bondman hope and wait  
The coming of a happier fate,  
When Freedom's mandate should be spoken,  
And every yoke and fetter broken.

The slave, upspringing from his chain,  
The tyrant, from his guilt set free,  
Shall wet thy grave with tears, like rain,  
Weeping and blessing thee!  
And until Time his flight shall end,  
Thy deeds of daring shall be known—  
The moral triumphs thou hast won—  
LUNDY—THE SLAVE'S UNFAILING FRIEND!  
A PEOPLE'S CHAMPION!

## AN APPEAL TO A CLERICAL FRIEND.

THOU art a teacher sent from Heaven! 'Tis well!  
Heaven's vows are on thy soul—and He who gave  
Thy dread commission, hath with legible hand  
Written his requisitions. Read with fear—  
Study their solemn import, with a heart  
Willing to know and do, and pray for strength  
To meet the dread responsibility.

Thou art God's champion for the truth! 'Tis well!  
Stand boldly, then, and in the strength of Him  
Who clad thy spirit in the panoply  
Heaven gives its warriors, battle manfully  
With ancient Falsehood and her horrid brood—  
With Fraud and Error, and the legioned Lies  
That walk with shameless front through all the earth  
And claim it as their own.

Fling to the air  
The banners of IMMANUEL! and beneath  
Their snowy folds, where blood-stain hath not been

Save of the victor, strike for God!—*strike home!*  
And prove thyself no recreant.

Look abroad!

Guilt triumphs in the land, and fearless grown,  
Exults in her immunity. Shall Earth,  
Formed for thy glory, LORD! henceforth be hers  
Without a struggle? Shall its prostrate realms  
Bow to her sway, and kiss the bloody rod  
She proudly shakes above them? God forefend!

Speak! Champion of the Cross! Uplift thy voice  
And pour its warning, like a trumpet-tone,  
Through all the startled land! To Israel  
Reveal her great transgression, and the house  
Of Jacob point thou to its crimson sins.  
Spare not—for even the Church is stained with guilt,  
And on her robes, once white, pollution reeks,  
And her skirts drip with blood, while yet she hugs  
All foul abominations to her heart!  
Justice hath fallen in the street, beneath  
The heels of ruffian trampers—Truth is driven  
Forth from the temples of the Living God—  
Mercy grows faint with pleading long in vain—  
While rampant Murder and unsated Lust,  
Bloated Oppression and foul Avarice,

A hateful brotherhood, walk hand in hand ;  
And the false priest, while hiding in his robe  
The price of bartered souls, looks on and smiles !  
Cry !—for the good man faileth. Call aloud !  
Lift up thy voice for truth and righteousness !  
For God and for His Kingdom lift it up !  
If thou art dumb, the stones beneath thy feet  
Shall have a voice ! Earth *cannot* be thus dumb—  
Earth—which hath drunk the blood of Innocence—  
Earth—which hath hidden in her breast the slain,  
Shall bare her crimson record to Heaven's eye,  
And call aloud for vengeance !

Man of God !

Is this a time for folding of the hands ?  
A time for sleep ?—while darkly in the sky  
Retributive judgments gather, such as smote  
Egypt in ancient time, till Ruin trod  
Sole monarch of the land, and wildly rose  
From all her fanes and myriad palaces  
A universal wail—a Kingdom's cry  
Of anguish for her multitudinous dead !  
Up ! ere the coming vengeance overwhelm  
The guilty People and the guiltier Priest !—  
Up ! ere the fiery ruin hurtle down

Upon *our* country, to consume and waste,  
Until, where now is Beauty, Death shall sit  
Upon the smouldering ashes of our hopes,  
Pointing his bony finger to a scene  
Of wo, and desolation, and despair!

## STANZAS FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

Down the dark tide of Time, with flow  
Unceasing, hath another year  
Its record borne of joy and wo,  
Hope, exultation, fear—  
With constant force through shade and sun,  
The swelling stream hath hurried on,  
And flung its shattered wave at last  
Into the ocean of the Past.  
One moment in the fitful light  
Flashed the frail bubbles as they fell—  
Then bursting, vanished from the sight,  
And shrilly the wild winds of Night  
Shrieked the OLD YEAR's farewell!  
So hath it gone—and with it borne  
Treasures that Time cannot return:  
High hopes—that o'er existence threw  
The glory of their rainbow hue.  
And to the Future gave a light  
Like that which shone in Eden's bowers  
In earliest time—too purely bright  
For such a world as ours:

Dreams—such as lull the poet's soul  
And fill it with divinest thought,  
Till underneath its meek control  
Passion, and pride, and sense are brought:  
Desires that overleaped the earth,  
And proudly turning from the real,  
Claimed in a higher world their birth,  
Grasping the mystic and ideal:  
And more than these—the love which flung  
Its blessed light Life's clouds among,  
Till to the waiting soul was given  
Bright glimpses of the upper Heaven.

So hath it gone—and oh! not all  
Who hailed in thoughtless mood its birth,  
With music and with festival—  
Still with their presence gladden earth.  
The Beautiful—whose radiant smile  
Like sunshine fell upon the heart,  
And who with words of cheer the while,  
Lovingly spoken, could beguile  
The spirit's grief, and reconcile  
The living to life's cureless smart—  
Oh! early summoned to depart!  
We miss you from our common track;  
We weep—but cannot win you back!

The sunshine of your smile is flung  
On brows that wear no trace of sorrow,  
The radiant hosts of Heaven among—  
And richer notes are on your tongue  
Than e'er from harps Æolian rung,  
Or Earth from Music's self could borrow.  
We mourn—but not for you whose eyes  
Have closed on earth to ope in heaven—  
The freed from mortal agonies—  
To whom eternal rest is given!  
Our tears are for the living only—  
For sorrowing hearts whose hopes are fled  
Whose memories are with the dead—  
For them—the crushed and lonely.

So hath it gone—the olden Year—  
Life's wrecks upon its vanished wave—  
Nor pauses in his dread career  
Death's ally and his charioteer,  
Sweeping, remorseless, to the grave,  
Alike the tyrant and the slave,  
The good the beautiful, the brave,  
The peasant and the peer;  
And sadly swells on every gale  
The death-dirge and the funeral wail.

Pass on—God's minister of wrath !

“Time, the Avenger!”—pass thou on—  
Though in thy desolating path

Are wrecks of Empires strown !

What though the Good have sunk beneath  
Thy billowy surge, struck down by Death ?

They to their rest have gone !  
And nearer to its final fall—

Nearer to his dishonored tomb—  
'The Babel by Oppression built,  
The tyrant, hardened in his guilt,  
For redly burns upon the wall  
The writing of their doom !

Pass on—returnless years ! Ye bring

Nearer the golden age of Time—  
When man, no more an abject thing,  
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,  
With new-born life, and proudly fling

Aside his bondage and his crime,  
And rising in his manhood, be  
What God designed him—pure and free !

And Earth, throughout her every clime,  
No more the spoil of human hate,  
By sin no longer desolate—  
Returned her bloom—renewed her prime—  
Shall in her Eden-dress appear;  
Exulting in her youth restored,  
And singing praises to the Lord,  
Through all her New—her SABBATH-YEAR!

## SONNET.

A DREAMY whisper from the sweet South-west,  
Borne on the just-awakened Zephyr's wing,  
Comes to the ear with stories of the Spring,  
And bids the heart in her return be blest.  
Joy to the Earth!—for Spring with breeze and song,  
Leaflet and bud, comes jocundly along,  
While in her breath the trees are blossoming.  
And see! the greenness of the tender grass  
Where her light footstep airily doth pass—  
The clear-voiced birds, and streams, and fountains sing  
A woven melody to greet her coming,  
And voices low and musical are humming  
A song of welcome—and the earth rejoices,  
And praises God with multitudinous voices.

## EDITH.

BOUND in the dreamless slumber of the tomb—  
Resting in quiet with the quiet dead—  
Faded from cheek and lip life's roseate bloom—  
From lovely clay the lovelier spirit fled—  
So hath she mingled with Death's numberless throng,  
With them co-tenant of the populous grave—  
Oh deep will be her slumber—deep and long,  
While o'er her head the tall rank grass shall wave!

And this is Edith's grave. Oh many a tear  
Hath quickened the young grass that crowns its sod—  
A stricken heart hath poured its anguish here,  
And looked for comfort to the mourner's God!  
'Tread lightly, stranger—for the loved, the young  
Sleeps, cold and still, beneath thee—wake her not!  
Here have the wizard-winds her requiem sung—  
'Tread lightly, stranger—'tis a hallowed spot!

Brief was thy stay with us, oh, gentlest one!

Beautiful idol of a widowed heart—

Sweet soother of a mourning mother—gone

Swiftly—for ever! Thus the loved depart!

Thou wert too beautiful, too bright a blossom

For the cold winds of earth to sere and dim,

And ere a care had crossed thy guileless bosom

Thy Heavenly Father called thee home to Him!

Yet had the friends around thee fondly deemed

That thou wouldst bless them with thy looks of love,

And with the music of that voice, which seemed

The echo of some seraph-song above,—

When long and weary years had passed away,

And cast a shadow on their loveliness—

And as they hastened onward to decay

Thy presence should be with them still to bless.

How are those ardent hopes for ever withered!

How hath departed that fond mother's trust!

Her last, bright blossom to the grave is gathered,

And life's gay dreams lie shattered in the dust!

The holy light that cheered her path is faded

In the cold darkness that pervades the tomb,

And the bright wreath of joy her fancy braided,

Is torn and scattered by a cruel doom!

Yet, mother! think not as thou bendest o'er

The grave's dark brink, thy child is mouldering there—

Her spirit resteth on a happier shore,

And floats her triumph-song on Heaven's air!

How would thy heart leap when her face was bright!

And now no cloud of grief can dim her brow—

Her songs would thrill *thy* bosom with delight,

*Angels* enraptured listen to them now!

Joy, and not tears, for Edith!—for her lot

Is bright and blessed! Early hath she flown

Where pain, or sin, or sorrow cometh not—

The God who loved her, claims her as His own!

Look upward, Mother!—for her home is there,

Amid the saved, the ransomed, the forgiven—

Look upward, mourning mother! and prepare

To meet the loved one of thy soul in Heaven!

H. A. B.

DEEM not, Beloved ! that the glow  
Of love with youth will know decay,—  
For though the wing of Time may throw  
A shadow o'er our way ;  
The sunshine of a cloudless faith,  
The calmness of a holy trust,  
Shall linger in our hearts till Death  
Consigns our “dust to dust !”

The fervid passion of our youth—  
The fervor of Affection's kiss—  
Love, born of purity and truth—  
All pleasant memories—  
These still are ours, while looking back  
Upon the Past with dewy eyes ;  
Oh dearest ! on Life's vanished track  
How much of sunshine lies !

Men call us poor—it may be true  
Amid the gay and glittering crowd—  
We feel it, though our wants are few,  
Yet envy not the proud.  
The freshness of Love's early flowers,  
Heart-sheltered through long years of want,  
Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,  
That wealth could never grant.

Something of beauty from thy brow,  
Something of lightness from thy tread,  
Hath passed—yet thou art dearer now  
Than when our vows were said :  
A softer beauty round thee gleams  
Chastened by time, yet calmly bright ;  
And from thine eye of hazel, beams  
A deeper, tenderer light—

An emblem of the love which lives  
Through every change, as time departs ;  
Which binds our souls in one, and gives  
New gladness to our hearts !

Flinging a halo over life  
Like that which gilds the life beyond !  
Ah ! well I know thy thoughts, dear wife !  
To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,  
Is dearer than the blushing bride  
Who stood, three happy years gone by,  
In beauty by my side!

OUR FATHER, throned in light above,  
Hath blessed us with a fairy child—  
A bright link in the chain of love—  
The pure and undefiled:

Rich in the heart's best treasure, still  
With a calm trust we'll journey on,  
Linked heart with heart, dear wife! until  
Life's pilgrimage be done!

Youth—beauty—passion—these will pass  
Like every thing of earth away—  
The breath-stains on the polished glass  
Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of God—  
The soother of Life's many woes—  
She scatters fragrance round the sod  
Where buried hopes repose!

She leads us with her radiant hand  
Earth's pleasant streams and pasture by,  
Still pointing to a better land  
Of bliss beyond the sky!

## THE YOUNG POETESS.

SHE was a lovely creature,—young and fair,  
And light of heart, and brilliant was her eye—  
For never had the siroc-breath of care  
Swept o'er her spirit. Ocean, Earth, and Sky  
To her clear, spiritual vision, wore a robe  
Transparent as the light—and she would gaze  
With an enraptured spirit o'er the globe,  
On sea, vale, mountain—and in wonder raise  
Her rich-toned, girlish voice, pouring her soul in praise !

She was a happy creature—bounding on  
From joy to joy, and feasting still her soul  
Amid Earth's beautiful things, till she had won,  
Or seemed almost to have won, the very goal  
Of earthly bliss. Familiar was her eye  
With Nature's wildest scenes—for well she loved  
To watch the foaming cataract, flinging high  
Tempests of sheeted foam, until the sky  
Kissed the upspringing waters !—and her soul,  
By the high majesty of Nature moved,  
Panted to burst away from Earth's corrupt control.

Her eye would kindle with a strange delight  
As its glad vision wandered o'er the stars;  
And she would watch them in the silent night  
For ever "wheeling on their golden cars"—  
Or when the storm-cloud o'er the sky was flung  
Like a broad pall, its loveliness to veil,  
And the wild Demon of the Storm had sung  
His song in thunder and the sweeping gale,  
With a rejoicing spirit she would hail  
Their dread approach, and feel her soul expand  
With awe beneath their presence. In the grand  
And terrible war of elements, when the cloud  
Burst in its fury o'er the wind-swept Ocean,  
And Deep to answering Deep was calling loud,  
With voice of storm-lashed waters, the commotion  
Stirred the quick pulses of her heart, and thrilled  
The chords of spirit with a mystic feeling—  
And gazing still, her swelling soul was filled  
With thoughts too mighty for the mind's revealing!

She loved the hush of forest-solitudes,  
Where the clear streamlet ripples peacefully,  
And foot of Fashion's votary ne'er intrudes—  
For there, in silent loneliness, could she

Hold sweet communion with the things around her—  
The stream—the leaflet—or the passing breeze,  
Sweeping in freedom o'er the forest-trees—  
And, as the spell of Poesy had bound her,  
She seemed enchained to each delightful spot  
Her footstep visited--and she would linger  
Hour after hour, around some shaded grot,  
Wreathing the wild-flowers with her delicate finger,  
Unconscious of employment—while her eye  
Cast its inquiring glances to the sky,  
As it would fain have read the mysteries there ;  
Or from the white folds of a floating cloud  
Had caught a glimpse of some bright angel-pinion  
Careering onward through the fields of air,  
Seeking again the beautiful dominion,  
From which, perchance, it had a moment bowed !  
Let not the mind engrossed in worldly schemes  
Deem her's was idle—or that squandered all  
Were the lone hours of phantasies and dreams  
Whose mystic visions held her soul in thrall—  
For by a long and intimate communion  
With things invisible, the human-soul  
Almost forgets its temporary union  
With that which binds it, in a stern control,

To gross, material nature—and its vision,  
Expanded, brightened, fondly turns away  
To catch new glories from the fields Elysian,  
And view new beauties in the “Realms of Day”—  
And still the heart grows better—and the hand  
Is open to relieve the wants of others,  
And the mild eye beholdeth in the band  
Of Wo's despairing children, friends and brothers!

'Twas even thus with her—for though she loved  
To muse in solitude, amid the wild  
And dreamy forests, yet she often roved  
Through Sorrow's lonely haunts, to seek the child  
Of hopeless Misery, and pour the balm  
Of sympathy upon the bleeding heart;  
To comfort the despairing, and to calm  
The wounded soul till it forgot its smart.

But what avails the story of the Past?

“*She was!*”—those two brief words will tell it all!  
And such may be our epitaph at last,  
When we are covered by the sable pall.  
She lived—she loved—she died—and is forgot,  
Save by a few fond hearts that linger yet  
To mourn around the consecrated spot  
Where slumbers one they cannot all forget!

## MAY.

THE Spring-time, with its balmy breath,  
Is abroad upon the hills;  
And the sunshine dances gaily  
To the music of the rills;  
And timidly the violet lifts  
Its head from the dewy grass,  
As if to catch the fragrant gifts  
Of the breezes, as they pass.

Kissed by the spirit of the wind,  
The buds are peeping out  
With their roguish eyes, as if to see  
What Nature is about!  
The peach-tree and the lilac  
Unfold their virgin charms,  
And look as if they meant to woo  
The Summer to their arms.

The cunning birds are busy now,  
For their wooing time has come;  
And their little hearts flow out in song  
As they build their summer home;  
They fling their notes on the odorous air,  
And lighten their toil with love—  
And the watching maiden breathes a prayer  
For the minstrels of the grove.

'Tis a pleasant thing to look upon  
The greenness of the Earth,  
When the sunshine melts the ice away  
And calls the flowers to birth.  
And the change, I ween, to the musing mind,  
A thought of the day shall bring,  
When the Winter of Death shall pass away  
For Life's eternal Spring!

## STANZAS,

ON SEEING A GROUP OF GIRLS KNEELING IN SILENT  
PRAYER.

Look! they are kneeling—and each brow is covered  
With the white hands that press them, while an awe  
Rests on their souls, as if above them hovered  
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw  
The young affections of their guileless bosoms,  
The ardent hopes which burn within each breast,  
From earthly treasures to those fadeless blossoms  
That wreath the bowers of Everlasting Rest!

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion  
In silence with its God—or else had flown  
Away from Earth to seek a closer union  
With HIM who sits upon the dazzling Throne,  
Before which angels and archangels, bending,  
Offer perpetual worship!—while abroad,  
Through Heaven's bright regions, harps with voices  
blending  
Pour loud Hosannas to the LIVING God!

A balmy breeze, with fragrance richly laden,  
Comes, as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls ;  
And, as it softly passes by, each maiden  
Feels its air-fingers dallying with her curls—  
Yet heeds it not, unless, perchance, her spirit  
Deems it a whisper from that better world  
Which the pure-hearted only shall inherit  
When Earth's last wrecks shall be in ruin hurled !

Are they not beautiful? Nor voice—nor motion  
Is there—and yet those silent worshippers  
Feel their hearts burning with as pure devotion  
As lip e'er uttered—and the love, which stirs  
Each humble spirit, is a flame from Heaven  
Lit on the altar of the human heart—  
Oh, bright will be the hope that shall be given  
To those who choose in youth "the better part !"

Do they—the guiltless—guileless—whose existence  
Has been a summer-morning, cloudless, bright,  
Do they, while gazing in the forward distance  
On future scenes of joyance and delight,  
Feel they have sins which need to be forgiven?  
That in God's *mercy* only they can trust?  
If *they* need grace to fit their souls for Heaven,  
Be *my* proud spirit humbled in the dust!

## A WORD TO THE SOUTH,

Written at a time memorable for its numerous pro-slavery meetings, at which inflammatory speeches, from distinguished men, excited a spirit of lawless violence against the Abolitionists, producing those frequent and disgraceful outrages which are fresh in the recollection of all. The lines were originally published in the number of the "Liberator" which appeared two or three days after the famous "property and standing" mob in Boston had dispersed a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and assailed the person of William Lloyd Garrison with such fury that the city authorities could protect him nowhere but within the walls of a jail.

LET the storm come! Oh, impotent and vain  
The mad attempt to overwhelm the Truth,  
To quench its blaze, or drown its thunder-tones  
In the wild tumult of the popular rage!  
Hark! from the North to the extremest South  
Rolls a continuous voice—"Repent! repent!"  
And on the conscious winds is borne afar  
The impious response—"The lash! the stake!  
*Death to the advocate of Human Rights!*"  
The lash! Why shrunk not Dresser when the scourge  
Reeked in his blood! The voice of thanks arose  
To God who had endued him with the power  
To suffer uncomplainingly. Go to!

Tortures and stripes were made for servile souls—  
The free, bold hearts who trust in Israel's God,  
Cannot be moved thus lightly. Strong in HIM  
Whose wrath against Oppression hotly burns,  
They shrink not from the peril nor the shame  
Which they must meet who wake the tyrant's wrath,  
And dare to trample on unholy Power!

Let the storm come! A cry for blood hath gone  
Out on the winds of heaven! The *chivalrous* South  
Calls on the North to render up her sons—  
To sacrifice her worthiest, and appease  
The *holy* wrath of those who rob their God;  
And the pale North hath bowed, and kissed the foot  
Of her imperious master!

“Ho!—the chain!

Fetter the press! put out the light of truth!  
Hang the disseverers of our sacred bond!”  
Go, mocker! chain the unfettered winds, which sweep  
Over your fervid plains, freighted with groans  
From the down-trodden—make them do your will,  
Blow when you list, and when you bid, forbear!  
Fetter the swelling ocean, that its waves  
Shall slumber, hushed and tranquil; with a nod  
Turn the sun backward from his path of light;

Quench the rejoicing stars, and blot the moon  
From the fair page of heaven; *then* turn and throw  
Your manacles on mind—and fetter speech,  
And thought, and action; and with dreadless hand  
Hurl the Eternal from his throne, and seize  
The sceptre of the Universe! and then,  
When God is God no longer, *we* will fear,  
And, cringing, do your bidding. *Not till then!*

*Let the storm come!* It beat with fiercer rage  
When cried the multitude, with maniac shout,  
“LET HIM BE CRUCIFIED!” Ye war with God!  
Impious and unbelieving! HE hath bared  
His right arm for the battle, and hath thrown  
His buckler over us—and every wound,  
And every outrage which we suffer now,  
In the hot conflict for the RIGHT, shall be  
*A token and a pledge of victory!*

OCTOBER, 1835.

## TO A PLAYING BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

CRADLED upon thy mother's knee,  
And circled in thy mother's arms,  
Beautiful child! thine infant glee  
Is broken by no rude alarms;  
Nor grief, nor care, can reach thee there,  
Safe sheltered on that holy Isle—  
Thy brow may still its brightness wear—  
Thou in the grave can'st look and smile.

Innocent visitant of Earth!

Arcadia is around thee now—  
And from thy joyous glance shines forth,  
And beams upon thy radiant brow,  
NATURE, unchecked—yet limiteth  
Thy wanton strength which lacketh still  
Courage, and aim, and holy faith,  
Thy being's purpose to fulfil.

Play on! play on! for soon will come  
Life's toil, and misery, and care—  
And joy, which makes thy heart its home,  
Shall be a transient dweller there!  
Time, stern and pitiless, hurries by,  
And nought are infant smiles to him;  
For where he looks with spectral eye,  
Life's pleasant sunshine groweth dim!

## “LET ME GO.”

[These lines were occasioned by the death of an uncommonly beautiful and interesting child—the only son of a sister-in-law—who died in the fourth year of his age. His last sickness was intensely painful, and his sufferings were terrible beyond all description. During a brief interval of agony, he looked up mournfully into his mother's face, and, as if wearied with the burden of his young life, softly said—“Mother, do let me go!” They were the last words he spoke.]

“MOTHER, *do let me go!*”

The earnest gaze  
Of the poor sufferer for a moment turned  
Upon his mourning mother, and his eye  
Had a beseeching eloquence in its light,  
While the low music of his pleading voice  
Pierced to the weeper's heart. She bowed her head  
Till his bright hair was lifted by her breath  
And whispered, “Whither, dearest?” No reply  
Came from the dying boy—yet still his words  
Rung in the mourner's ear, and thrilled her heart—  
“*Mother, do let me go!*”

The damps of death  
Were gathering on the brow of the beloved,  
And the bright eye was fading. Beautiful  
Even in his paleness lay the dying boy,  
Gasping and quivering in the iron grasp  
Of the Destroyer, while a plaintive tone  
Came fitfully and faintly from his lips;  
Heavily on his brain the burning hand  
Of Sickness rested, and the mother knew  
Death lingered for his prey.

But yesterday  
He was all life, and mirth, and happiness,  
His mother's idol, and his father's joy,  
Laughing and leaping in the frolic mood  
Of happy, sinless childhood,—beautiful  
As an embodied dream of Paradise—  
His clear voice ringing on the floating air,  
Like the rich music of the summer birds—  
And his light footstep, as he bounded on  
Through the wild paths around his father's home,  
Scarce crushing the sere grass and withered leaves  
That Autumn's winds had scattered in his way.  
Oh, how that mother, as she fondly gazed  
On the wild pastimes of her fair-haired boy,

Felt her full heart dilate, and swell with pride  
Which none but mothers know!—Oh how that heart  
Yearned with unutterable love, as he,  
Tired of his play, came bounding to her side,  
To fling his white arms round her willing neck,  
And press his soft lips in a kiss to hers!  
Memory—away! why linger on the past?  
Its blessed sunlight brings no radiance  
To scatter present gloom. What is he now?  
Death from his laughing eye hath snatched the light,  
And set his signet on his baby brow!  
The pallid lip is moveless—never more  
Will it in joy or sorrow, lovingly,  
Murmur—“Dear mother!”

In a quiet spot,  
Where, in the Spring-time, sweetest wild-flowers bloom,  
And the glad birds pour out their roundelays—  
Just as the sun was flinging his farewell  
Over the joyous earth, with many tears  
They bore him to his rest, and lightly fell  
The gravel on his coffin.

The wild winds  
Will sing his requiem, and the driving sleet

Cling to his grave-sod—yet his dreamless sleep  
Will not be broken!

Weep—thou desolate one!

Weep—broken-hearted mother! for thy child  
Sleeps in the grave's cold keeping! Yet, in grief,  
Forget not Him who chasteneth in love,  
He on the wounded heart will gently pour  
The healing Gilead of his GRACE DIVINE—  
Till in the fulness of a grateful heart  
Chastened, but thankful, thou shalt bless the day  
Of thy bereavement, and in patience wait  
The hour thy spirit shall rejoin thy child's,  
In that bright world where Sin and Death are not!

## ARCHY MOORE.

“As I stood upon the forecastle and looked towards the land, which soon seemed but a little streak in the horizon, and was fast sinking from our sight, I seemed to feel a heavy weight drop off me. The chains were gone. I felt myself a freeman; and as I watched the fast-receding shore, my bosom heaved with a proud scorn—a mingled feeling of safety and disdain.

“‘Farewell, my country!’—such were the thoughts that rose upon my mind, and pressed to find an utterance from my lips; ‘and such a country! A land boasting to be the chosen seat of liberty and equal rights, yet holding such a portion of her people in hopeless, helpless, miserable bondage!’

“‘Farewell my country! Much is the gratitude and thanks I owe thee! Land of the tyrant and the slave, farewell!’

“‘And welcome, welcome, ye bounding billows and foaming surges of the ocean! Ye are the emblems and the children of liberty—I hail ye as my brothers!—for, at last, I too am free!—free!—free!’”—*Archy Moore, Vol. II. p. 146-7.*

FROM my heel I have broken the chain!

I have shivered the yoke from my neck!

Free!—free!—as the plover that rides on the main—

As the waters that dash o’er our deck!

In my bosom new feelings are born—

New hopes have sprung up in my path—

And I leave to my country defiance and scorn,

The curse of a fugitive’s wrath!

My country?—away!—for the gifts which she gave

Were the whip and the fetter—the life of a slave!

Thank God! that a limit is set

To the reach of the tyrant's control!

That the down-trodden serf may not wholly forget

The right and the might of his soul!

That though years of oppression may dim

The fire on the heart's altar laid,

Yet, lit by the breath of Jehovah, like Him

It lives, and *shall* live, undecayed!

Will the fires of the mountain grow feeble and die?

Beware!—for the tread of the Earthquake is nigh!

Proud Land!—there is vengeance in store

For thy soul-crushing despots and thee—

When Mercy, grown faint, shall no longer implore,

But the day of thy recompense be—

When thy cup with the mixture of wrath

Shall be full—the Avenger, in power,

Shall sweep like a tempest of fire o'er thy path,

Consuming the tree and the flower—

And thy mountains shall echo the shriek of despair,

While the smoke of thy torment shall darken the air!

Wo! wo! to the forgers of chains,

Who trample the image of God:

Calls for vengeance the blood of the bondman, which stains

The cursed and the verdureless sod!

Ye may tread on the poor—but not long!

Ye may torture the weak—while ye dare!

But wo!—for the arm of a People is strong

When nerved by revenge and despair!

Let the fetter be tightened!—the sooner 'twill break!

Trample on!—and the serf shall more quickly awake!

\* \* \* \* \*

My country!—the land of my birth!

Farewell to thy fetters and thee!

The by-word of tyrants—the scorn of the earth—

A mockery to all shalt thou be!

Hurra! for the sea and its waves!

Ye billows and surges—all hail!

My brothers henceforth—for ye scorn to be slaves,

As ye toss up your crests to the gale!

Farewell to the land of the “charter and chain,”—

My path is away o'er the fetterless main!

## JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

"His was no rough character, tempered and fitted for the toils of life; as well might a flower bear up against a whirlwind, as he against the troubles that assailed him."—*Obituary of J. O. Rockwell.*

HE was the Child of Genius—and his soul  
Burned with the living fire of Poesy!  
Earth, with its multitude of vales and hills—  
Mountains whose heads are turban'd in the clouds,  
And valleys deep where scarcely peers the glance  
Of the meridian sun—the infinite Sea,  
Cradling its beautiful isles, and with its waves  
Chanting a solemn lullaby—the Sky  
Gorgeously gemm'd with sabaoth of stars,  
Or curtained with the voiceful thunder-cloud—  
Yea, Earth—Sea—Sky—were ever unto him  
As a familiar volume, where he read  
Marvellous legends of the olden time,  
And conned mysterious truths, which he transcribed  
On the fair tablets of his wondering soul.  
What time he wandered forth alone—the stars

Burning above him, and the quiet earth  
Like a hushed infant slumbering—he loved  
To list to Nature's ever-varying voice,  
And let the influence of the stilly hour,  
Like a wierd presence, steal upon his soul,  
Hushing each turbulent thought, and chast'ning all  
His aspirations, till he felt himself  
Lifted from earth, and sense, and sin, and lost  
In the dim shadows of the dread TO BE!

He lived not in the Present—but his mind  
Framed a new world, and fairer far than this—  
A world of Phantasie, where fruits and flowers  
Were ever fresh and fadeless, men were brave,  
And women true, and poets idolized—  
And in the dim realm of creative Thought,  
He could forget awhile the selfishness,  
And fraud, and violence, and wo of earth.  
Poesy claimed him for her own, and breathed  
Into his soul her spirit, and bestowed  
An intuition of the Beautiful!  
His heart was tuned to music, and his ear  
Quick to detect the latent melody  
That slumbers in the harp of Æolus,  
What time the breezes murmur not, nor wake,  
Save fitfully and faintly.

Months and years  
Passed o'er the youthful dreamer, stealthily,  
Almost unheeded—for the world of thought  
In which his spirit reveled, still was bright !  
And Hope, with magic wand, before his eyes  
Etched beautiful pictures of the coming time,  
And still the cheating syren gaily poured  
Her most bewitching songs upon his ear,  
And whispered flattering and delusive tales,  
Of future greatness. Fame, too, diadem'd  
And radiant with beauty, such as Mind  
Throws round her own creations, standing high  
On a proud pinnacle—around her brow  
A gorgeous chaplet of undying flowers,  
And in her hand a sceptre—smilingly  
Looked on the young enthusiast, beck'ning him  
Onward and upward ever ! Thus he lived  
*In*, and yet scarcely seeming *of*, the world—  
Peopling the Universe with glorious forms—  
Thoughts, feelings, passions, exultations, hopes,  
Desires, and ecstasies, creations all  
Of his own mind, yet wondrous beautiful !—  
Holding companionship with vales and brooks,  
Mountains and forests, sky, and clouds, and stars,  
Sunlight and tempest, lightning, hail, and snow,

And wresting from them all a dialect  
Known unto him alone, that ever came  
With a peculiar eloquence to his soul ;  
He had no time to con the blotted page  
Of human life—the record of its woes—  
The history of its treacheries and tears—  
And therefore was he happy.

But a cloud  
Came o'er the blue sky of the dreamer's life,  
And the glad sun was shadowed. He went forth  
Undisciplined—unpanoplied—alone—  
From the sweet home of infancy, to mix  
In the wild tumults of the world, and meet  
The foes that should beset him—Envy—Hate—  
Falsehood and Treachery—Distrust and Care.  
The stars of life went out, and Darkness flung  
Her thick pall o'er his spirit—and his brow  
Lost its serene expression—and his eye  
Grew cold and dim—his gorgeous dreams of Fame  
Vanished, like frost-work from the sun's warm kiss—  
And the fresh hopes that buoyed his spirit up  
In earlier days, were withered now and crushed !  
The delicate harp was shattered ! and its strings  
Wailed fitfully and wildly in the breeze—  
Pouring their mournful music over earth,

Like the low dirge above the early bier  
Of the beloved and perished.

Brief the time  
Of the young poet's struggle. Earth became  
Even as a peopled sepulchre to him ;  
Joyless as death, and cheerless as the grave !  
Then Madness came, and laid her burning hand  
Upon his brain—he shuddered at the touch,  
Struggled a moment with the pitiless fiend,  
Convulsively—and died.

Kinder than man,  
Earth welcomed home her own—"ashes to ashes  
And dust to dust"—a few hot tears were shed—  
The praise denied in life, over his corse  
Was freely poured—but, oh ! too late—and then  
One of Earth's loveliest and most gifted ones  
Was left to the oblivion of the grave !

Who piled his monument ?—who sang his dirge ?  
Where lingers his remembrance ?—who can tell  
His struggles and his triumphs ? Hath not Earth  
A single harp to chant his requiem ?  
A single hand to pile his monument ?  
None !—none ! Oh, what a mockery is fame !  
The bard hath perished—and the world forgot !

## BIRTH-DAY SONG.

KATRINAH! feel you not with me

Our years are hurrying on,  
And that the sparkle of life's cup  
For evermore is gone?

Already hath the share of Time  
Marked deeply on my brow  
The furrow that too plainly tells  
That youth is over now.

My locks, which once were darkly brown,  
Grow grisly now and thin;  
Old Age comes stealthily along—  
The thievish mannikin!—

And in my face he shakes his paw  
As he is gliding by,  
And snatches with his felon-hand  
The lustre from my eye!

The honey-moon of life is past—  
Our days of fun are over—  
We may not tread the dance again,  
The loved one and the lover!  
So, soberly and quietly  
We'll sit and count the hours,  
Nor deem that we are roving still  
Amid life's early flowers.  
We plucked the blossoms long ago,  
And scattered to the wind  
Their shattered leaves all recklessly,  
Nor left a bud behind!  
Well—let them go! if we have walked  
O'er green and flowery lawns,  
Oh, let us murmur not, though now  
Our path is thick with thorns!  
  
How brimming was the revel-cup  
We lifted to our lip  
In early time—but, oh! how brief  
Our spirits' fellowship  
With sunny hours, and bursting flowers,  
And Eden-colored things!  
How quickly came the dimness o'er  
Our bright imaginings!

The sunlight hath departed,  
And the tempest broodeth now  
Above our path! *I* fear it not—  
Katrinah! fearest *thou*?  
Nay, let it burst!—for we have lived  
Till Life's delights are gone—  
And what on earth should tempt us now  
To live and linger on?

## GONE—NOT LOST.

“Not to the grave—not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved—  
The spirit is not there!”—*Southey*.

A MERRY voice which rang of erst  
Amid the pleasant scenes of home,  
More joyous than the music-burst  
That to the dreamer's ear doth come—  
A happy voice, whose every tone  
Was fraught with gladness, pure and deep,  
Hath passed from earth—its echo gone—  
And they who loved are left to weep.

A sparkling eye, which seemed while here  
A ray of light from realms above,—  
Within whose depths so bright and clear  
Were nestled Purity and Love—  
A pleasant eye, which shone on all  
With kindest glance, dispelling gloom,  
The brightest at the festival—  
Is rayless now within the tomb.

A lovely form—its every limb  
Proportioned with exactest grace—  
No longer by the side of him,  
The loved and lover, is its place :  
A perfect form—alas for mirth !  
Joy is no more our spirits' guest—  
Upon the gelid lap of Earth  
The Beautiful is laid to rest !

The Spirit!—where is that which flung  
Its witchery over face and form ?  
Which gave its music to the tongue ?  
The eye its captivating charm ?  
Which breathed in word, and shone in glance,  
And threw a glory over all ?  
Sought it a high inheritance ?  
Or slumbers it beneath the pall ?

Turn from the grave ! a thing so pure  
Is safe from every shaft of Death,  
And shall through endless years endure—  
A portion of JEHOVAH's breath !  
Turn from the grave ! the all we loved  
Lives yet in worlds beyond our ken ;  
And who will mourn it, thus removed  
From all the toils and woes of men ?

Our time will come—till then we'll tread

In hope the path that she hath trod,

For HE whose word is truth, hath said

*"The pure in heart are blessed of God!"*

And she was pure—for even on earth

Her spirit caught no dimming stain—

Oh, let us emulate her worth,

And surely shall we meet again!

## THE SONG OF CAPTIVITY.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Lo! we sat, a mournful band,  
Exiled from our Zion long,  
Captives in a stranger land,  
And the foes of God among;  
Where the waters darkly swept,  
Mournfully we sat and wept—

Wept for Zion's overthrow—  
For her holy places waste,  
Trampled by the ruthless foe,  
And her glory all effaced;  
While the willow boughs among  
Were our harps in silence hung.

For the spoiler asked for mirth:  
“Give us one of Zion's songs!”

From the country of our birth  
Exiled, can we tune our tongues?  
Homeless, in the stranger's home  
Harp and voice alike are dumb.

Salem! if amid thy foes

I should cease to think of thee,  
And, forgetful of thy woes,

Thou no more my joy should be,  
Let my hand forget her skill,  
And my tongue in death be still.

But a day of vengeance comes—

Who its fury shall withstand?  
To the spoilers of our homes—

To the trampling of our land!  
Edom! swift upon thy path  
Sweep the ministers of wrath!

Lo! Destruction waiteth now,

Haughty Babylon! for thee;  
And amid thine overthrow,

Sorceress! happy shall he be  
Who shall take thy little ones,  
Dashing them against the stones!

## ELIJAH PARRISH LOVEJOY.

MURDERED AT ALTON, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 7, 1837.

HERE rests, oh God! thy martyr! Men should give

Due honor to his ashes, as they tread

Over the grave of one whose actions shed

Lustre undying, fame not fugitive,

On the proud name his children bear. He died,

Not as the traitor, whose base spirit yields,

For ease or safety, rights that God hath given,—

Not as the craven, who, for Truth and Heaven,

With doubtful heart, the keen-edged weapon wields,

And from the field ingloriously is driven,—

By courage high *his* death was sanctified,

His deeds, by faith and prayer—and none hath striven

More nobly in a noble cause—therefore

Honor be his, and praise for evermore.

## “REFORM CONVENTION.”

[Stanzas written on reading the yeas and nays, in the Convention for reforming the Constitution of Pennsylvania, upon the adoption of Martin's amendment, depriving the colored citizens of their political rights.]

It *is done!*—and the record is traced

Henceforth to be linked with your fame—

It shall stand on the page of your life, uneffaced,

A witness for aye of your shame!

To years and to ages unborn,

Throughout every kindred and clime,

Ye shall be as a by-word, a hissing and scorn,

To the pure and the good of all time!

The curse of the slave and the taunt of the free

Henceforth and for ever your portion shall be!

O'er the graves of those true-hearted men

Who scoffed at the crown and the chain,—

In the land hallowed still by the spirit of PENN,

Whose precepts ye dare to profane—

Ye have trampled the weak in your might!

Ye have torn from the hands of the poor  
The charter of manhood—the blood-purchased right  
Which your fathers were fain to secure,  
Base forgers of fetters! how well have ye won  
The hate of a world by the deeds ye have done!

In the days of our darkness and wo,  
When the tyrant was here in his pride,  
And trembled the land 'neath the tread of the foe,  
*They* fought by their white brothers' side—  
The scorned and the outcast—they poured  
Their blood in the terrible fray—  
On the red field of battle they won, by the sword,  
The rights ye have wrested away:  
In the hour of our peril they breasted the storm,  
And stood up for Freedom, unshaken and firm!

And this is the meed of their toil!  
And this their exceeding reward!  
To be in the land which they fought for, a spoil—  
A people oppressed and abhorred!  
In vain to the Rulers they cry—  
The proud listen not to their moan;  
And the hypocrite-priest, as of old, passes by,  
And leaves them to perish alone!

Yet shout! for our land is the home of the free—  
No people on earth are so gallant as we!

Be the names of thy time-honored dead,  
    Pennsylvania! remembered no more!  
Let the wreath of thy glory be torn from thy head,  
    For the day of thy splendor is o'er—  
And thy Sun, in an evil eclipse,  
    Dimly shines on thy patriot-graves,  
While Liberty's name is profaned by the lips  
    Of tyrants—the basest of slaves!  
These—these be thy Gods! lay thy lip in the dust—  
For the robber now sits in the seat of thy Just!

How thy true-hearted children will blush,  
    Who exultingly spoke of thee once,  
Proud land of a Franklin, a Morris, a Rush!  
    When they hear of thy recreant sons!  
Let thy banner be torn into shreds!  
    Let the flag of the pirate unfurl—  
An emblem of outrage—to float o'er the heads  
    Of a *Martin*, a *Cummin*, and *Curl*!  
Be the voice of the PAST, with its memories dumb,  
• While hosannas are sung to a *Foulkrod* and *Crum*!

But shall this be the end? shall the star

Of thy glory for ever be hid?

And thy children be fettered to Tyranny's car,

To do as the despot may bid?

No! never!—"the free soul of PENN"

Lingers yet o'er the land of his love—

And thy *Friends* to the rescue, from hill-top and glen,

In the strength of their purpose shall move!

Thy FORWARD and EARLE have not spoken in vain,

For the sun of thy splendor shall beam forth again!

Then, tyrants! look well to your path!

A cloud shall come over your fame—

And the terrible storm of a free People's wrath,

Overwhelm you with anguish and shame!

To years and to ages unborn,

Throughout every kindred and clime,

Ye shall be as a by-word, a hissing and scorn,

To the pure and the good of all time!

The curse of the slave and the taunt of the free

Henceforth and for ever your portion shall be!

## VESPER HYMN.

SHADES of Evening! ye have cast  
To the earth your woven pall,  
And the night is coming fast  
Over wood and waterfall.

Dimmer grows the dying light,  
Though its beauty lingers yet—  
Look!—upon the brow of Night,  
Like a gem is Venus set!

Softly in the shadowy pines  
Floats a spirit-winged breeze,  
And the star-light dimly shines  
On the tall and ancient trees:

Tones of music linger there,  
Lifted on the willing wind—  
Holy as the whispered prayer  
From the soul that never sinned!

Bounteous Benefactor! thou

Hast preserved us through the day;  
Humbly would we thank thee now,  
As we kneel to praise and pray:

While the day of life shall last,  
Guide us, wheresoe'er we roam—  
When the night of Death is past,  
Take us to thy heavenly home!

## SONNET TO THE NORTH STAR.

Methinks thou lookest with a kindlier eye  
Than do thy radiant sisters, on the path  
Of the tired fugitive, who flies the wrath  
Of the oppressor, while serene on high  
Thou smilest in thy beauty. Blessed Star!  
Thou lone "incendiary" of the Northern sky!  
Unquenchable beacon-fire of Liberty!  
Shining in love, from thy blue home afar—  
To thee, in hope, the toil-worn bondman turns,  
Through the long night, his sleepless eye, and presses  
Pantingly on through tangled wildernesses  
To Freedom's land, for which his spirit yearns!  
Shine on, thou bright "fanatic!" for the arm  
Of hangmen "patriarchs" cannot do thee harm!

## JUNE.

JUNE, with its roses—June !  
The gladdest month of our capricious year,  
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear ;  
And with the drowsy tune  
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass  
Laughingly on amid the springing grass !

Earth, at her joyous coming,  
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on ;  
And Nature greets her with a benison ;  
While myriad voices, humming  
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,  
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky  
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,  
As if the light of heaven were melting through  
Its sapphire home on high ;  
Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,  
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,  
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young  
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—  
    Gladsome, yet not of glee—  
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing  
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill side, where  
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass  
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,  
    Young children gambol there,  
Crushing the gathered fruit in playful mood,  
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given  
To the half-ripened cherry, as the sun  
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,  
    Till the rich pulp is riven;  
The truant school-boy looks with longing eyes,  
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,  
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;  
While Hope, bright-pinioned, points to coming days,  
    When all his toil shall yield  
An ample harvest, and around his hearth  
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow wing,  
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,  
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,  
A gay and happy thing ;  
Born for the sunshine and the summer day,  
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !  
Brighest of Summer months—thou month of flowers !  
First-born of Beauty, whose swift-footed hours  
Dance to the merry tune  
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout  
Of Childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong  
To deem thou art a type of Heaven's clime,  
Only that there the clouds and storms of Time  
Sweep not the sky along ;  
The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,  
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine !

## TO MY QUAKER COUSIN.

“Don't tell me of the feelings, the fine sensibilities, the hope and joy, and the true poetry of man's life being blunted by the increase of years! Why, I'll hate old age, if it is true! Make this, if thee pleases, no longer an apology for the laziness thee is guilty of when thee ceases to give us and every body the 'scintillations of thy poetical genius.' It is not that thy 'days are in the yellow leaf,' but that they are days of downright—laziness!”—*Extract from her letter.*

Yes, thou art right, sweet coz! I own

I am a lazy rhymers—very,—

And seldom gives my harp a tone

Of willing music, sad or merry;

Its strings are snapped, or out of tune,

And I myself am out of fashion,

For wailing ditties to the moon

Was never my peculiar passion.

I never wet my thirsty lip

At Helicon's inspiring fountain,

Nor even in fancy took a trip

To meet the Muses on their mountain.

The voice of Fame is sweet enough,  
Doubtless, for devotees who love her,  
But then her hill is quite too rough  
And steep for me to clamber over.

Lazy and uninspired, can I  
Write for thee canzonet or sonnet?  
Or, smitten by thy beauty, try  
To perpetrate a song upon it?  
No—though thy charms of face and form  
Would madden, like a heavenly vision,  
When wine and love had rendered warm  
Some dreamer of the fields Elysian!

No—though the wicked world should swear  
Thou art the latest importation  
From that bright realm where seraphs are  
Bending for aye in adoration!  
For beauty is at discount now  
With the dull muse that weaves my numbers,  
Nor laughing eye, nor polished brow,  
Gleams on her in her dreamless slumbers.

But, for the brightness of thy youth,  
And for the chastened love I bear thee,  
And for thy gentleness and truth,  
Which even thievish Time must spare thee,

And for thy heart which overflows

With kindness for the wronged and lowly,  
And for thy guileless soul which glows

With tenderest feelings, pure and holy—

And for that fervent zeal for Right

Which burneth in thy bosom ever,  
And for that steadfast faith whose might  
In peril's hour shall fail thee never—

For human sympathies, which bring  
True hearts around thee to adore thee—

For these, dear coz! I kneel and fling  
The tribute of my song before thee.

Others may sonnetize the spell

That lives within thy radiant glances,  
And lying bardlings boldly tell

That loveliness around thee dances;  
Vows may be offered thee in rhyme,

And worship paid in common metre;  
But these will pass with passing time,  
For beauty than the wind is fleeter.

Be mine the better task to find

For thee a tribute undegrading:  
Flowers from the garden of the mind,  
Fragrant and pure, and never fading—

Gems from the mines of knowledge won,  
Brighter than fancy ever painted—  
An offering to lay upon  
The altar of a heart untainted.

So, when the hand of Time hath reft  
From face and form thy youthful graces,  
A tenderer beauty shall be left  
To sanctify their fading traces;  
A chastened radiance, born of Thought,  
Around thy path shall then be shining,  
With more than earthly brightness fraught,  
To gild and bless thy life's declining!

## THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

“She of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.”

OH, strong in faith! thus cheerfully to fling  
With unreluctant hand, thine earthly all  
Upon God's altar! Did no fear appal,  
No dread arise of future suffering,  
Of anguish such as poverty may bring  
To the worn frame, o'ertasked? No—for between  
Thy faith and God no cloud did intervene.  
Thou could'st not doubt the fulness of that Spring  
Whence flowed thy sure supply! Thrice happy thou,  
On whose unquestioning faith the Savior's eye  
Looked and approved! Thy record is on high—  
And, taught by thee, my doubting soul shall bow,  
And own with shame its former fears unjust,  
Clinging henceforth to God in perfect trust.

## THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

[THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER—THERMOMETER AT ZERO.]

THIS feels like winter! Ugh! how bitterly  
Cometh the keen northwester! In the west  
Dark clouds are piled in gloomy masses up,  
And from their folds comes freezingly the breath  
Of the Storm-Spirit, couched and shrouded there.  
But yestermorn the streams were murmuring  
With their low, silvery voices, pouring forth  
Their own peculiar music on the air,  
And glancing in the sunshine radiantly.  
Now their clear tones are hushed—for the Frost-King  
Hath thrown his fetter on them, and evoked  
The voice of melody that dwelt with them  
In the bright summer hours, and they are staid  
In their free current, frozen, murmurless.

Where stays the sunshine? Hath it learned that Earth  
Is chilled through all her veins, and for some grudge  
That seemed forgotten long ago, resolved

To let it freeze for ever? Or, perchance,  
The sun himself is frozen. If that cloud  
That hangs so like a pall along the sky,  
Would move his body corporate, and begone  
Back to his ocean-mansion, we might learn  
Whether the sun be dead or slumbering.

Ho! bring my cloak, Katurah! Heap the wood  
On the hot hearth—draw up the high-backed screen:  
Let the winds whistle now, if so they will—  
I care but little for their minstrelsy,  
So I can shut from me their freezing breath.  
Well—I am warm and quiet; but, i'faith,  
I pity the poor wight that's forced to face  
Old Boreas to-day. Necessity  
Alone will call forth travelers, and—ugh! ugh!  
This cough—ugh! ugh!—will kill me presently  
An I am not more careful. Oh, the seams  
Around the doors and windows are unclosed.  
List!—List!—a roll of list! I will not freeze  
In my own domicil. Heap on the wood,  
And throw another mantle round me—there!

Hark! as I live, I hear the ringing sound  
Of the light skaters on the frozen lake—  
And see! how merrily they wheel away

In swift gyrations o'er the glassy ice,  
As if a power were given them to fly !  
The happy dogs !—Heaven grant they may not freeze.  
I thought no boy would venture out to-day  
For sport or labor, an he were not flogged  
For tarrying within. Well, after all,  
It may not be so *very* cold for them—  
And I remember me when I was young,  
How little cared I for the biting frost,  
So I might whirl upon the ringing steel  
Merrily on, surrounded by a group  
As happy as myself, all life and joy !  
But s'death ! a few short years will make a change  
In a man's sensitiveness, 'specially  
When they bring with them gout and rheumatism,  
Toothachs and agues, fevers and catarrhs—  
And worse, far worse than aught, ay, than *all* else,  
Dread hypochondria ! They will find it so—  
Those merry boys now skating on the lake—  
If they, like me, indulge in turtle-soup,  
Sauces, and pies, and cakes, and the whole round  
Of eatables and drinkables which load  
Their glutton-feeding table, who, like me,  
Are cursed with wealth that brings but pain and care.

Would I were still a merry, pennyless boy,  
As light of foot and heart as I was once—  
Free from dispepsy—free from every pain  
Money has purchased for me!—then would I  
Bind the bright skate upon my agile heel,  
And skim—ugh! ugh!—I've added to my cold.

## THE DEATH OF THE OUTLAW.

“ His untimely tomb  
No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
But the charmed eddies of the autumnal winds  
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.”—*Shelley*.

A NIGHT of storm and darkness! The strong wind  
Shrieked like a tortured spirit, as it swept  
Through the gnarled branches of the splintered oaks—  
Then died away in faint and fitful gusts,  
Wailing its strength departed. The big rain  
Dashed to the earth in torrents, for the clouds,  
Aweary of their burdens, opened wide  
Their vapory cisterns, and sent down their floods,  
Deluging earth; while sullenly, afar,  
Growled the hoarse thunder with its voice of doom,  
And the faint lightnings shot with lurid glare  
Athwart the blackness, like a gleam from hell!  
Tall trees and giant-limbed, which had withstood  
The outpoured wrath of centuries, and dared  
The rending fury of a thousand storms,

Quivered, as rushes, in the strong embrace  
Of the fierce hurricane, and, shattered, fell.  
From the steep precipices, turbid streams  
Rushed down in foam and thunder, and the vales  
Sank under whelming waters !

A rude hut

Scooped partly in the hill-side, and built up  
With rough stones from the quarry, thatched with turf,  
Pillared in front with trees, its only door  
An earthquake fissure in the solid rock,  
Stood lonely in the forest's loneliest depths,  
A meet home for the Outlaw. On the hearth  
The waning fire burned dimly, and its light,  
Fitfully flashing through the low-roofed room,  
Revealed the countenance of one whose name  
Had been a terror,—and its ghostly glare  
Played over features whereon suffering  
And crime had traced their record, rendering  
His ghastly visage ghastlier. Matted locks,  
Black as the midnight tempest, straggled o'er  
His wrinkled forehead, hiding the deep seams  
Furrowed by time, and haply some old scars  
Where the stern blood-avenger's steel had been !  
And from beneath his shaggy brows peered out

His restless, eagle eye, fierce, unsubdued  
In its expression, and undimmed, as when  
Amid the bloody strife, it glanced along  
The rifle's barrel with unerring aim.

Crouched at his feet and shuddering with fear,  
Moaning responsive to the tempest's moan,  
A mastiff lay, looking with wistful eye  
Up in his master's face. That dog had been  
His only faithful follower. One by one,  
When fortune's favors were withheld, his friends,  
Equals in crime but not in fortitude,  
Left him to battle with an adverse world—  
To struggle, single-handed, in his hour  
Of utmost need—they left him, and his heart  
Gathered its wasted love, and learned to hate  
With deadlier hatred than it knew before!

His had been better days, when Life was young,  
And Hope, for ever smiling by his side,  
Pointed her radiant finger to the bowers  
Where Pleasure, like a goddess, sat enthroned,  
And Love and Joy, her beautiful ministers,  
Laughed in her sunny presence. Hope deceived  
The young enthusiast's heart—Love turned away—

Joy was for gentler natures—and he learned  
To scorn the worship of his early faith,  
Which had deceived and mocked him, until all  
His household gods were shivered. Passions wild,  
Unchecked, untutored, woke within his soul—  
Unsanctified Ambition was his God,  
And with a fervor which knew nought of fear,  
He threw the richest treasures of his life—  
Love, friendship, innocence, an offering  
Upon her bloody altar. Crime became  
Familiar as a sister, and he grasped  
Her gory hand in his, and broke away  
From every kindly influence, and became  
A wild, fierce rover, ripe for deeds of blood,  
The leader of a band of desperate men,  
Careless of others' life as of his own.  
The law proscribed him—he contemned the law!  
Men hunted him, in vain—he scoffed at men!  
A price was set upon his head—he slew  
The seekers for his life, and laughed at fear!  
Those he had trusted left him—self-sustained  
He stood alone, and hurled at friend and foe  
His fierce defiance!

He had built his hut  
In the deep shadows of the tangled wood,

Far from the haunts of men, and, sick of life,  
Had come to die, as he had lived, alone.  
He felt the energies of life, so long  
Stretched to their utmost tension, wearing out  
With the consuming toil, the watchfulness,  
And wild excitement of unhappy years.  
He came to die—despising in his need  
All human sympathy. As day by day  
Lapsed to the voiceless ocean of the Past,  
He asked not, recked not of the tale it bore,  
But smiled that it was gone—a portion lop'd  
From his existence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiercer raged without  
The turbulent storm—the thunder louder pealed—  
Glared the red lightning on the dazzled eye,  
A fierce, continuous flame—crash followed crash  
In quick succession—and the splintered boughs  
Sprang quivering from the Storm-God's fiery touch !  
Yet closer to his master's feet the dog  
Crouched trembling, whining piteously in fear.  
The Outlaw's soul was quickened, and a sense  
Of its own power and daring came again,  
Waked from its sleep by elemental strife.  
A thrill of joy he had not known for years

Quivered among his heart-strings, and the pride  
Of other days came o'er him. From his couch  
Of furs he sprang, and pushing back the door  
Of his rude cabin, gazed with wild delight  
On the mad riot of the raging storm.

“Ha! this is well! It gives  
Health to my soul, and strengthens it again  
To triumph over terror, and the pain  
That in the spirit lives—  
The powers of darkness hold their revel now  
And the strong trees confess them as they bow!

The winds lift up their voices  
In wildest agony, and the stooping clouds  
Hang o'er the quaking earth like giant shrouds—  
The Tempest-God rejoices  
In the fierce freedom of his tameless might,  
And sits exultant on the throne of Night!

Gods! what a crash! again  
The terrible thunder rolls along the heaven,  
And the red bolts from rifted clouds are driven  
As if to rive in twain  
The rock-ribbed earth! Another flash!—the sky  
Glares, a broad sheet of lightning, on my eye!

And this for me!—my life  
Vividly pictured!—for my days have been  
A storm—a tempest—terrible to men—

A long protracted strife—  
Dark thoughts—fierce passions—spurning all control  
Have waged perpetual war within my soul!

Now I would die! The hate,  
The vengeance of mankind I have defied,  
And my strong spirit, panoplied in pride,  
Hath triumphed over fate!  
*Men could not slay me!*—but I know my hour:  
'Tis come—I feel its presence and its power.

Life! all its ties are broken—  
Love! it is cankered by the gathered rust  
Of early tears—Joy! trampled in the dust—  
Friendship! it hath no token  
Within my heart—my heart itself is sere,  
Withered within me! Wherefore am I here?

Wherefore? *To die!* The storm  
Shall shriek my death-song in the desolate woods,  
Mingling its voice with roar of mountain floods,  
And o'er my perished form  
The genii of the air their watch shall keep,  
Jealously guarding its eternal sleep!

It comes ! it comes !—the cloud  
Freighted with death rolls onward ! See ! the glare  
Of the red lightning quivers on the air !

A fiery, phantom-shroud  
Floats from the vapors' blackness ! Mine ! 'tis mine !  
*Man* slew me not ! Storm-Spirit ! *I am thine !*"

A flash—a peal—a splintering of the rocks—  
The cloud passed on. A charred and stiffened corse  
Lay at the threshold of the Outlaw's door !

## ALMIRA.

THEY tell me thou art dying—

Though when I saw thee last, life's crimson glow  
Brightened thy cheek, and on thine eloquent brow

Beauty and health sat throned, as if defying  
Death and his ally, Time. Wo! that for thee,  
Bright one, and loved too well! an early shroud should be!

Wo! that with all thy gifts,  
And with Life's pathways bright before thee yet,  
Thou should'st depart—thy sun at noon-day set  
Darkly and lone, where Morning never lifts  
Her radiant light, nor voice of breeze or bird  
By the still, pulseless sleeper of the tomb is heard.

That thou should'st perish! *thou!*  
Whose step was like the fawn's upon the hills,  
When the young Eve her earliest dew distils,  
And her first star gleams coyly on her brow:  
Death for the aged—for the worn with care—  
But thou art for the grave too exquisitely fair!

Too fair?—alas, sweet Friend!

Thy cheek is faded, and thine eye is dim—

Death claims thee for his own—and what to him

Are youth and beauty? These must have an end;  
Time will not spare, and Sickness, in a day,  
Bears glow, and light, and lustre all away.

Yet must I think of thee,

Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long—

A young, glad creature, with a lip of song,

An eye of radiance and a soul of glee—  
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,  
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June.

Unto the stricken heart

Thy coming step was music, and thy voice

Bade the desponding soul again rejoice:

Thine was the power, sweet Friend! to cure the smart  
Of Sorrow's wounds, and with the healing balm  
Of sympathy, heart-felt, the anguished soul to calm!

And blessing, thou wert blest—

Joy poured for thee her song for ever new,

Friends were around thy path—the tried—the true—

And peace and quietness were in thy breast,  
And Love—how thrilled thy heart to his sweet tone,  
When at the altar's side he claimed thee as his own!

But this is of the past—

Wo! that the scene should change! What art thou now,  
With thy pale, quivering lip, and marble brow,

And thy strange, spiritual beauty, cast  
Around thee like a mantle? Death is strong,  
And terrible in his strength—for earth thou art not long.

The cold, insensate grave  
Shall claim thee as its own!—the grave?—alas!  
That the too fondly worshipped thus should pass!

Hath not the healer skill and power to save?  
Dark, doubly dark to us will be earth's gloom,  
Oh, faithful Heart and true! when thou art in the tomb!

NOTE—The preceding Stanzas were written a few days before the death of Almira C. Rand—better known as Almira Crandall. The sickness which after months of slow decline laid her in an early tomb, was brought on by assiduous exertions in the education of a class whom prejudice shuts out from many of the avenues to improvement. She assisted her sister Prudence in the school for colored girls at Canterbury, (Ct.,) and bore with cheerful fortitude, her share of the reproach and persecution incurred by that benevolent undertaking. When driven thence, after they had nobly struggled a year and a half against an opposition as disgraceful for its means as for its object, Almira resumed her labor of love in Providence, (R. I.,) and prosecuted it with unabated zeal, till her health yielded to too arduous toil. Though its cessation produced a partial recovery, and for several months she could attend to the duties of the new domestic relation into which, near this time she entered, yet the hopes of her friends soon proved delusive, and the grave received, in the morning of her days, all that earth could claim of one so lovely.

## THE FREEMAN.

HE worthy is of freedom—only he

Who claims the boon for all—and, strong in right,

Rebukes the proud oppressor by whose might

The poor are crushed—for TRUTH hath made him free,

And LOVE hath sanctified his liberty!

When Tyranny his horrid head uprears,

And blasts the earth with pestilential breath,

Girded with righteousness and strong in faith,

He stems the tide of wrong; nor scoffs, nor jeers,

Nor ruffian threats, nor fierce mobocracy,

Can daunt his soul, or turn him from the path

Where duty points. Not his the craven heart

That shrinks when tyrants bluster in their wrath;

But well in Freedom's strife he bears his part.

## A SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

ONE sigh to the Year that hath sped!

One tear o'er the bier of the Past!

And the soul shall be nerved as it turns from the Dead,

A glance o'er the Future to cast.

It is folly to cherish regret

For joys which are shrouded in gloom—

The Future hath sunshine to gladden us yet,

There is brightness this side of the tomb!

Let us banish our sadness and dash off the tear,

And sing for the birth of another New-Year!

Our ranks have been thinned, it is true;

The loved and the lovely are flown—

The Grave hath claimed tribute! and deeply we rue

The strength and the excellence gone!

The Beautiful sleep in the dust,

The Mighty have passed from our side,

And our hearts have been dimmed by the cankering rust

Of sorrow for those who have died!

To the loved and the lost give a tear and a sigh—

While our welcoming song to the Future swells high!

The hopes which sprung up in our path,  
    When the Year that is buried was new,  
Are sunk to the dust, and the shadows of wrath  
    Have hidden their fragments from view.  
The joys which were ours, are departed,—  
    Their light, though effulgent, was brief;  
The Year that we greeted with accents light-hearted,  
    Hath left us the victims of Grief.  
Yet hurra for the Future! our hearts shall be free—  
Though the Past hath deceived us, we'll trust the TO BE!  
The dust is on many a brow,  
    The dimness in many an eye,  
That blessed us in days which are parted—and now  
    We think on our loss with a sigh.  
But not for an hour such as this,  
    Is the mournful remembrance of joy  
Which is shrouded in dust—with the future a bliss  
    Shall be found which no grief can destroy!  
Be the Past, then, forgot—while the clouds of to-day  
By the sunlight of Mirth shall be melted away!  
For the friends whom we greeted of old,  
    The lovely, the good, and the brave—  
Let the death song be sung—for the hearts which are cold  
    In the stillness of death and the grave!

To cherish their virtues is well ;

To think, with a mournful regret,  
Of the stars of our life that so suddenly fell ;

Of the suns, ere their noonday that set !  
Yet why should we mourn them ?—one dirge—'tis the last  
Which we give to the friends and the joys of the Past !

Not in gloom and despair are we left

To mourn o'er the hopes which are flown ;  
Not yet of all gladness our hearts are bereft,  
There are joys which may still be our own.

The Future, perchance, hath a balm

To heal all the wounds of the past ;  
Life's tempest-tost voyager shall yet find a calm

Where his rest may be peaceful at last.  
Then courage ! our sorrows we'll cast to the dust,  
And welcome the Future in hope and in trust !

## MARRIAGE HYMN.

Oh, kindly from thy Mercy Seat,  
Jehovah! condescend to bless  
These young and trusting hearts, which beat  
In glad fruition's happiness.

Be this their union blest of Thee—  
Not for this fleeting life alone;—  
Hearts, wedded for eternity,  
Oh seal them, Savior! as thine own.

And may they keep their plighted faith  
Inviolatè through coming years;  
Loving unchangeably till death,  
The same amid earth's hopes and fears.

Be Thou their God—their guardian Thou—  
As through Life's wilderness they roam!  
Even as thou hast blest them now,  
Still bless them in the years to come!

And let Thy smile in wo, in weal,  
Be like a sunbeam in their hearts;  
So shall it still be theirs to feel  
The joy which holy love imparts.

And when, at last, Life's sun grows dim,  
And dearest earthly ties are riven,  
In death be theirs the victor-hymn!  
And theirs the deathless joys of Heaven!

## COWPER.

CLOUD upon cloud rolled darkly o'er his sky,  
Denser than he might pierce, which cast a gloom  
More fearful than the shadow of the tomb  
Upon his pensive spirit. To his eye  
No ray of hope was darted from on high :

He deemed himself predestined to a doom  
Hopeless and endless, and a cold despair  
Sank heavily on his heart, and rested there.

Yet holiest affections found a home  
Within that heart—and many a plaintive sigh,  
Laden with prayer, went upward to that God  
Whose chastening is in mercy ; and the rod  
Was then withdrawn : Death snatched the gloom away,  
And poured upon his soul unending day !

## THE CHAMPIONS OF SLAVERY.

THY triumphs, TRUTH ! shall come—when Error,  
Stripped of his thin disguise, shall shrink  
Before thy piercing eye with terror,  
And back into his caverns slink  
Abashed and humbled—though his brow  
Right haughtily is lifted now,  
And many a willing devotee  
Before his altar bends the knee,  
Meanly exulting to be known  
As Falsehood's chosen champion.

Such are the men, oh God ! who turn

The pages of thy volume over—  
Not of its blessed truths to learn—

But haply if they may discover  
Some separate text, some little clause,  
To prop Oppression's failing cause,  
Sanction the trampling of thy laws,

And wrest the poor man's right away—  
Blind leaders of the blind are they !

Impious blasphemers! who would plunder  
Jehovah of his attributes,  
That they may keep the bondman under,  
Yoked in with dumb and senseless brutes:  
Yet, while with blood their garments drip,  
They worship God with perjured lip—  
And mark! the sanctimonious eye,  
The lifted hand, the brazen brow,  
As to the poor black man they cry,  
“Off! I am holier than thou!”

Such are the men who, lost to shame,  
And deaf to mercy, dare to frame  
Mischief by law, to turn away  
The needy from his right, and make,  
At Slavery's beck, for Slavery's sake,  
The merciful a prey!  
Oh shame! that such should lift their hands  
For evil deeds in Christian lands!  
Profaning with their very breath  
The name of Freedom, while they swear  
To make her weal, in life and death,  
Their own peculiar care.  
Perjured and false! Yea—thrice forsworn!  
The tyrant's tool!—the good man's scorn!

What! shall we crush our sympathies,

And strangle pity in its birth—

And, heedless of the poor man's cries,

As from the scourge and chain he flies,

Harden our hearts and close our eyes;

And thrust him from our home and hearth,

At *their* demand, whose lying lips

Boast of democracy and—whips?

Serviles! still prompt at Slavery's beck

To bend the knee and bow the neck,

Or, hound-like, press upon the track

Of him who haply may have broke

From his worn neck the tyrant's yoke,

And drag him to his bondage back?

No! till our lips are sealed in death,

We'll speak with unabated breath

For God and for his trampled poor!

Till in his place of guilty power,

Trembles the despot of the hour—

Trembles the haughty evil-doer!

And bursting from Oppression's thrall,

Proudly the dark-browed slave shall claim,

In Freedom's consecrated name,

The rights that God hath given to all!

## REQUIEM.

THE strife is o'er—Death's seal is set  
On ashy lip and marble brow;  
'Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet  
Upon the cheek a life-like glow:  
The feeble pulse hath throbb'd its last—  
The aching head is laid at rest—  
Another from our ranks hath passed,  
The dearest and the loveliest!

Press down the eyelids—for the light,  
Erewhile so radiant underneath,  
Is snatched for ever from our sight,  
And darkened by the spoiler, Death:  
Press down the eyelids—who can bear  
To look beneath their fringed fold?  
And softly part the silken hair  
Upon the brow so deathly cold.

The strife is o'er! The loved of years  
To whom our yearning hearts had grown,  
Hath left us, with Life's gathering fears  
To struggle darkly and alone;  
Gone, with the wealth of love which dwelt,  
Heart-kept, with holy thoughts and high—  
Gone, as the clouds of evening melt  
Beyond the dark and solemn sky.

Yet mourn her not—the voice of wo  
Befits not this her triumph-hour;  
Let Sorrow's tears no longer flow,  
For life eternal is her dower!  
Freed from the Earth's corrupt control,  
The trials of a world like this,  
Joy! for her disembodied soul  
Drinks at the fount of perfect bliss!

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

HOPE, strewing with a liberal hand  
Thy pathway with her choicest flowers,  
Making the Earth an Eden-land,  
And gilding time's departing hours ;  
Lifting the clouds from Life's blue sky,  
And pointing to that sphere divine  
Where Joy's immortal blossoms lie  
In the rich light of Heaven—be thine !

Love, with its voice of silvery tone,  
Whose music melts upon the heart  
Like whispers from the world unknown,  
When shadows from the soul depart—  
Love, with its sunlight melting through  
The mists that over earth are driven,  
And giving earth itself the hue  
And brightness of the upper heaven—

Peace, hymning with her seraph-tones

Amid the stillness of thy soul,

Till every human passion owns

Her mighty but her mild control—

Devotion, with her lifted eye,

All radiant with the tears of bliss,

Looking beyond the bending sky

To worlds more glorious than this—

Duty, untiring in her toil

Earth's parched and sterile wastes among—

Zeal, delving in the rocky soil,

With words of cheer upon her tongue—

Faith, with a strong and daring hand

Rending aside the veil of heaven,

And claiming as her own the land

Whose glories to her view are given—

These, with the many lights that shine

Brightly Life's pilgrim-path upon,—

These, with the bliss they bring, be thine,

Till purer bliss in Heaven be won—

Till, gathered with the loved of Time,

Whose feet the "narrow way" have trod,

Thy soul shall drink of joys sublime,

And linger in the smile of God !

## DECEMBER.

A VOICE is on the air—the long, low howl  
Of Winter coming from his frosty home,  
Over our pleasant valley-paths to roam,  
Girt with his zone of ice. The roused winds growl,  
As maddened at his presence—and a frown  
Sits on the brow of heaven, serene erewhile  
In the faint glow of Autumn's quivering smile.  
The streams, ice-bound, move sluggishly along  
To their own muffled, melancholy song.

The tall old trees, robbed of their leafy crown,  
Shake their nude branches to the eddying storm  
In fierce defiance, as it hurtles by—  
And dimly towering to the cloud-wrapt sky,  
The Tempest-Spirit lifts his shadowy form!

## INVITATION.

THE Morning beareth on its dewy wing

The fragrance of a thousand bursting flowers,  
And Nature's songsters have begun to sing

Praises to Him who built their forest-bowers;  
The green trees, in their bright appareling,

Sprinkle the wakening earth with chrystal showers;  
And the bright sun mounts upward, like a God,  
Pouring from golden urns his light abroad.

Come from thy couch, Katrine! and the cool air

Shall greet thy cheek refreshingly, and kiss  
The glossy ringlets of thy raven hair,

As it could feel a consciousness of bliss!  
Come to the fields with me, and let us share

The joy of Nature on a morn like this;  
And drink her blessed influence, as the sun  
Drinks from the flowers the dew. Haste, dearest one!

Glad songs are floating on the winged wind—

The birds, the brooks, are vocal with delight—

The Heavens smile as man had never sinned,

And Earth rejoices in her splendor bright;

Come with thy lute—and we will leave behind

The home of men, and let our hearts unite

In the green wood, where none but God above

Can hear the passionate language of our love!

## THE DEAD INFANT.

SWEET bud of being!—for a moment given  
To show how pure young spirits are in Heaven—  
Then snatched in love from all the woes of earth,  
Not dead, but wakened to a nobler birth—  
Called from the thorny maze by others trod,  
Home to the bosom of the infant's God!  
Called early, ere the ruthless hand of Time  
Had dimmed thy spirit with a shade of crime—  
Cannot thy memory even now impart  
Sweet consolation to the bleeding heart?  
Cannot thine infant spirit from above  
Say to the mourner, "God afflicts in love!"

Happy thy lot, dear child! escaped from all  
That shrouds the spirit like a gloomy pall;  
Thy pangs all over—rest thee, pure one! rest—  
We would not call thee back since thou art blest!

## THE FUGITIVE.

“ YE shall torture no more with the scourge and the chain,  
For the fetter which bound me is broken in twain ;  
And I leave you its links with the blood rust thereon,  
A witness of deeds that the despot hath done.

“ Away—and for ever ! I spurn the control  
Which hath fettered my body and bowed down my soul—  
With the pride of a freeman I trample in scorn  
The yoke which my neck hath too patiently borne !

“ Ye may follow my track where the herbage is red,  
For my feet have been bathed in the blood of your dead—  
Ye may follow in vengeance—but wo for the hour !  
For your footsteps are girt by a perilous power !”

He spoke—and the triumph of vengeance was seen  
In the flash of his eye and the pride of his mien ;  
And he muttered a curse on the land of the South,  
While a smile of derision still played round his mouth.

One look on the spot which his hatred hath cursed,  
And away, like a steed of the wild he hath burst !  
Exultant, he bounds over hill-top and plain,  
And his foot spurns the earth with the pride of disdain.

No more shall the blood of the fugitive drip  
All warmly and red from the overseer's whip—  
No longer shall thrill on the fugitive's ear  
The threat of the master, the taunt, and the jeer.

Away to the land of the North—for her star  
Shall beacon thy course from its blue home afar—  
Away, like the wind—pausing not to look back,  
For the seeker of blood shall be quick on thy track !

Where the home of the planter magnificent stood  
There are mouldering ruins and foot-prints in blood—  
Where the tone of the viol rose soft on the air  
Is the voice of the mourner—the wail of despair !

Wo! wo! for the lovely, the good, and the brave,  
By the whirlwind of vengeance swept down to the grave!  
For the Spoiler passed on, like a demon of wrath,  
And Massacre yelled in his havoc-strown path !

On the still air of midnight, a terrible cry,  
Like the trumpet of Doom, called the sleepers—to die !

They woke—but the prayer of their anguish was vain,  
For the sabre is red with the blood of the slain !

When the Morning looked out from the East with its sun,  
The work of destruction and vengeance was done—  
The smoke, like a pall, wrapt the desolate scene,  
And Ruin scowled darkly where Beauty had been !

What marvel ? Yet weep for the tree and the flower  
Swept down to the dust in a terrible hour !  
For the strength which hath passed from the place where  
it stood !  
For the light which was quenched in a tempest of blood !

Oh, this was the work of revenge and despair,  
When the fetter and yoke were too galling to bear—  
For the iron had entered the fugitive's soul,  
Till he spurned in his hatred the tyrant's control.

From his wife and his child they had torn him apart,  
Unheeding the anguish which gnawed at his heart—  
And he knew that the daughter he idolized must  
Be doomed to a life of pollution and lust.

Then the demon awoke—and he vowed in his wrath  
That the blood of the despot should crimson his path ;

That Ruin should howl o'er their desolate hearth,  
Who had scoffed at his wo in the madness of mirth.

And dark was the hatred he nursed in his breast,  
Till the thirst for revenge robbed his spirit of rest—  
Then he swept o'er their home like a whirlwind of fire,  
And Destruction trod close in the path of his ire!

Flow darkly, St. Illa! for mixed with thy flood,  
There are tears in the track of the Shedder of Blood!  
And thy waves have a tone like a funeral wail,  
As they give their low voice to the answering gale!

From his death-work the Slayer in triumph hath gone—  
Weep, Land of the South! for his deed is thine own—  
Ay, weep! till thine eye-balls in agony swim,  
For the cup of thy trembling is filled to the brim!

## LINES.

THEY laid him in the Earth—a child  
Of summers four—and o'er his grave  
A single mourner bent. A wild,  
Soft strain of music stole along  
So sadly sweet, it seemed the song  
Of Peri from her cave—  
A requiem—in sorrow sung  
By the meek voices of the young—  
For budding beauty, ere its bloom  
Laid darkly in the gelid tomb!

The mother wept. Her shining tears  
Plashed lightly on the coffin's lid:  
Her thoughts went back to other years,  
When, tinted by the touch of hope,  
And viewed through Fancy's telescope,—  
Life's coming sorrows hid—

The Present seemed a radiant spot  
By Sin and Sorrow darkened not :  
The Future, brighter in its bliss,  
An everlasting Oasis !

She mused upon the time, when he,  
The father of her fair-haired boy,  
Knelt in his heart's idolatry  
And craved her love, already given,  
And called her eye his spirit's heaven,  
Her smile his perfect joy—

In youthful trust she yielded all,  
And freely at Affection's call  
Left brother, sister, parents, home,  
Pilgrim for Love !—o'er earth to roam !

Her tears were dried—but quivering lip,  
And cheek blanched deathly white, revealed  
Her spirit's awful fellowship  
With Wo, and Anguish, and Despair,  
Consuming and relentless Care—

And wounds which time had healed  
Were fresh again, as Memory brought  
That mournful moment to her thought,  
When, all bereft, she bowed her head  
In anguish o'er the worshipped dead !

Months passed away—a child was given—

The offspring of a buried sire—

Oh, precious gift!—in thanks to Heaven

Her heart went up—one ray had come

To light again her darkened home

Ere Hope should quite expire!

Her widowed spirit's worshipped one

Was imaged in her darling son,

And prayed she then for power to save

That loved and only from the grave!

That prayer was vain! The briery sod

Is broken in a stranger-land—

The childless widow looks to God,

And bendeth meekly 'neath the blow

Which lays her hopes for ever low—

It is her Father's hand!

And did that heart so sorely tried

Break in its loneliness and pride?

No—for a balm was o'er it poured,

The loving-kindness of the Lord!

## THE FEVER STRICKEN.

Oh, pleasant is the yellow light  
That dances on the pictured wall—  
But to my aching vision,—night  
Seems brooding darkly over all.

The wind—it hath a soothing sound—  
I hear it whispering to the trees—  
Yet wo is me! a prisoner bound  
And racked by pitiless Disease.

Burns in my veins, with heat intense,  
From hour to hour, the fever-fire—  
Till quivering flesh and tortured sense  
Grow weary with the conflict dire.

Around my bed at midnight dance  
Fantastic shapes and phantoms grim—  
Now shrieking—singing now, perchance,  
Wild snatches of a wilder hymn!

They pass—and fiends, with fiery eyes,  
    Scowl fiercely through the dark—and sobs,  
With mingled laughter, sink and rise,  
    Responsive to my heart's wild throbs.

Then sweetly to my ear doth come  
    Some faint, yet dear familiar tone—  
An echo of my childhood's home—  
    Fraught with a music all its own.

A happy child once more I stand  
    O'ershadowed by my favorite tree—  
With brow and bosom bared, and fanned  
    By freshening breezes from the sea.

Brief joy!—the ground on which I tread  
    Glow, furnace-like, beneath my feet;  
And clouds and sky above my head  
    Seem molten with intenser heat.

Choked by the hot and sulphury air,  
    I gasp convulsively for breath,  
While demons prompt the impious prayer,  
    In anguish breathed, for instant death!

Tortured by dreams, of fever born,  
Amid bewildering visions lost,  
From morn to night, from night to morn,  
Upon my couch, delirious, tost—

How long, I cry, oh Lord, how long?  
I hasten downward to the grave—  
Life ebbs in darkness—Death is strong—  
And skill is impotent to save!

Oh wo! by hope no more beguiled,  
To struggle with my wretchedness!  
Too heavy on thy suffering child,  
Great God! thy chastening hand doth press!

Yet kind and merciful art Thou,  
Though clouds and darkness veil Thy throne—  
To thy behest I meekly bow,  
And murmur, let Thy will be done!

## HOW SELFISH ARE OUR TEARS.

How selfish are our tears !

Mine would not be repressed when first I learned  
Thy radiant soul had to its home returned,  
Earth's pain, and toil, and fear  
Behind thee cast, as from its cumbrous clay  
The spirit leaped exultingly away !

Was it for thee, sweet friend,  
Sinless and sainted ! that my cheeks were wet,  
And my days darkened with a vain regret,  
A sorrow without end ?  
No—for I knew that thou hadst found thy rest  
Where gleam the “many mansions” of the blest !

Yet from my spirit passed  
Gladness when thou wert gone—and hope was dead—  
From the green earth, with thee, had beauty fled—  
The sky was overcast  
With clouds whose mutterings were alone of wrath,  
And the sick sun shone dimly o'er my path.

Wo! for the heart which lays  
Its all of love upon an earthly shrine!  
Its altar shall be shattered, as was mine,  
And the bright hope which plays  
Around the ruins fade in cold despair,  
Leaving a double desolation there!

Too well I loved thee!—ay,  
Call it idolatry—the deep, the intense,  
O’ermastering passion!—but thou hast gone hence,  
Up to thy home on high!  
Oh, selfish sorrow!—for my tears are shed  
Not for *thy* sake, beloved! Thou art not dead!

Thou art not dead! The light  
Which shone around thee ere thy work was done,  
The grave quenched not: in realms beyond the sun  
It beams with lustre bright,  
Caught from the “Great White Throne,” whose steps  
before,  
Anthems of praise resound for evermore!

The bitterness and gloom  
Of sorrow unassuaged, the gnawing care,  
And the heart’s desolation none can share:  
These enter not the tomb!

The dead sleep sweetly in their narrow bed,—  
Why should the tear above their dust be shed?

Canst thou not hear me?—thou,  
Whose ear caught greedily my faintest tone,  
And beat thy heart responsive to my own?

I kneel and lift my brow  
To the faint star-light, and with fervent prayer  
Whisper thy name to the caressing air!

In vain—I list in vain  
For the low answer which was wont to thrill  
My heart like life!—that tone of love is still,  
Never to wake again!

Yet from thy starry mansion, it may be,  
Thine eye still lingers lovingly on me!

Then will I gird my soul  
With calm endurance, and await the time  
When I may meet thee in a happier clime,  
Where grief hath no control!  
Not vainly are these passionate yearnings given,  
So that they lead us to Love's brighter heaven!

“THE EARTH IS THE LORD’S.”

PSALM XXIV.

LORD ! the earth is thine,  
And the fulness of the sea—  
Heaps of gold, and gems that shine,  
Flashing through the flashing brine,  
All belong to Thee!  
Underneath the yeasty waves,  
Where the great sea-monsters roam,  
Thou hast hollowed wond’rous caves  
For their ocean home.  
Where the huge Leviathan  
Revels in his kingly might  
Over beds of chrysolite,  
Thou hast builded temples fairer—  
Thou hast fashioned grottos rarer  
Than the proudest works of man.  
There uncounted treasures lie  
Hidden deep from human eye;

Lustrous gems, whose radiant gleams  
Sparkle aye in starry beams.  
All the wonders of the sea,  
All the gems that flash and shine  
Underneath the ocean-brine,  
God ! belong to Thee !

Lord ! the earth is thine,  
And the fulness of the earth !  
Thou, in sovereignty of will,  
From thine everlasting hill,  
Called the light—the VOICE DIVINE  
O'er the formless void went forth,  
And the darkness fled !

From the mass chaotic hurled  
Rose to life this wond'rous world—  
Suns and stars with constant force  
And undeviating course

In their orbits sped,  
Tree, and plant, and opening flower,  
In their virgin beauty drest,  
Heard the mandate, and Thy power  
Instantly confessed.

All by Thee were called to birth,  
Sole PROPRIETOR of Earth.

Thine is every living thing—

From the sluggish worm that crawls  
O'er the dungeon's slimy walls,  
To the forest's tameless king—  
And the bird, whose rapid wing  
Flashes in the glad sunshine,  
As it soars aloft, to fling  
Out upon the gales of spring  
Gifts of song that seem divine—  
Insect, beast, and bird are thine!  
Formed by Thy creating hand,  
Heedful all to thy command.

Hills arrayed in living green,

Where the sunshine loves to linger,  
And the wind with wizard finger,  
Trifles with the springing grass—  
Waters singing as they pass,  
(Pauses none to intervene,)  
With a low and pleasant tune,  
All the leafy time of June—  
Valleys with the sunshine dancing  
On their verdant slopes, and glancing  
Downward to their deepest beds—  
Forests, regally uplifting  
To the clouds their crowned heads—

And the undulating plain  
Swaying with the swaying grain—  
These are 'Thine—and Thine the sky,  
With its gorgeous pageantry,  
    And its shadows ever shifting.  
Wait they all upon thy word,  
Nature's Universal Lord!

Then to Thee, of life the Giver,  
Praises be ascribed for ever!  
Thine be thanks and adoration,  
Thine be songs of exultation:  
    Thanks and songs for ever given—  
Every voice in concert sounding,  
Every heart with rapture bounding,  
All harmonious anthems blending,  
Louder swelling as ascending—  
    Tribute of the earth to Heaven!

## THANATYMNOS.

“ Mournfully, sing mournfully !  
The royal rose is gone,  
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt  
In one deep farewell tone !

Not so !—swell forth triumphantly,  
The full, rich, fervent strain !  
Hence with young love and life I go,  
In the Summer’s joyous train.”

*Mrs. Hemans.*

ONCE more in THY pure air,  
With my pale forehead lifted to the sky,—  
Wooing the winds which coolingly sweep by,  
And on their pinions bear  
The mournful music of the dying year—  
Treading the herbage sere,  
I walk abroad with feeble steps and slow,  
And strive to leave behind my weariness and wo.  
Thanks to Thy name, oh God !  
That thou hast raised me from my couch of pain,  
And led me forth again  
To thrid the intricate paths which once I trod

With buoyant foot ere sickness laid  
Its burning hand upon my throbbing brain,  
And poured its fever-fire through every vein,  
Until my days were made  
Eras of agony. With exultation  
Thrilling through heart and brain, I gaze around,  
And my soul leaps, as from the flesh unbound,  
Amid the wonders of this fair creation!  
This is to live!—and yet I know I stand

Within thy shadow, Death!  
Just on the borders of the Spirit-land—  
And, ere the solemn Autumn vanisheth,  
I shall lie down in darkness, where the light  
Of sun or star comes not, nor breeze, nor bird,  
Nor the low sound of running brooks is heard,  
Nor forms of beauty flit before my sight.  
Faintly upon mine ear  
Comes a soft tone, as from another sphere,  
Earnest, though low—I know that voice of doom—  
It calls me from the scenes I love too well,  
And soon, alas! must dwell  
This shattered body in the noisome tomb!

Pour forth thy ceaseless song,  
Fountain of leaping waters! pour it forth!

The music of the melancholy Earth

Will cease to me ere long;

Its wildering harmonies will all be hushed

For ever to my ear—the many tones

Which have in gladness on my spirit gushed,

Will be forgotten in my dying moans.

A few brief days of pain, and I shall pass

Even as the sparkling dew-drop from the grass

Kissed by the sun—

Spirits have called me—I must go away—

Their voices tell me that my transient day

Is almost done;

My life ebbs feebly to its final close,

And the grave proffers its serene repose.

Would that the birds might come

To join their voices with thy mystic song,

Glad streamlet! as thou sweep'st in light along—

But they, alas! are dumb;

And never shall my raptured soul again

Thrill, like a harp-string, to their glorious voice—

Their deftly-woven strain

Shall make no more my troubled heart rejoice.

Would that the trees might put their blossoms forth

Yet once again while I remain on earth,

And scent the gales  
With the sweet fragrance of their perfumed breath,  
That I might drink their odor, even when Death  
My frame assails!

Vain, passionate yearnings!—it can never be!  
Spring may return in beauty—and the grove  
Be vocal with the notes of joy and love,  
But not again to me!  
Flowers numberless may bloom  
And pour their fragrance on the scented air—  
They cannot cheer the tomb,  
Nor soothe the sleeper in his slumber there!  
The voice of waters, and the birds' wild hymn  
Will be the buried Poet's requiem!

The fragrant breath  
Of the unfolding flowers may wander o'er  
My grave, but it can never gladden more  
The home of Death!

Nature! thou dear and universal Mother!

Nurse of high thoughts and holy! I have felt  
A filial love for thee, and humbly knelt  
In worship at thy shrine! Nor can I smother,  
Even in the grasp of Death, the fervent feelings  
Caught from long converse with thee. Sweet revealings

Of thine exhaustless treasures have been mine—  
Teachings of wisdom, such as human lore  
Contains not in its many-volumed store—

And I have joyed to lay upon thy shrine  
My soul's affections as an offering—

Nor worthier might I bring ;  
For I have known thy baptism from a child,  
Oh Mother undefiled !

Yet must I go from thee—  
From thy still solitudes which my foot hath trod,  
To the undreaming sleep beneath the sod,

Where reign the silence and the mystery  
Of Death, the Conqueror ! If my spirit shrink,

And tremble on the brink  
Of that unfathomed Gulf which yawns before  
My feet still clinging to Life's crumbling shore,  
It is not that I dread the pang intense

Of dissolution. This must needs be brief,  
And the fast-failing sense

Will bring the quivering flesh its quick relief.  
Nay—'tis the thought that I must part so young  
From the bright scenes which I have roved among  
With spirits dear,

Breaking the thousand tender ties which twine

Themselves around this yearning heart of mine  
To bind it here!

I had not dreamed of this! Hopes—aspirations—  
Intense desires, enkindled on thy shrine,  
Ambition! had been mine—

And how my soul hath thrilled with exultations  
When came the thought of immortality!

Yet, with the glorious heritage unwon,  
Ungrasped thy guerdon, Fame!

Vanished my dreams, and crushed my hopes, my name  
Unhonored and unknown—

So must the Poet 'mid his visions die,  
And pass away

From the bright things which now his spirit bless,  
To the cold chambers of Forgetfulness  
And dread Decay!

Tears will be shed and prayers be murmured only

By the fond few whose hearts are linked with mine—  
For, with the great world round me, hushed and lonely  
My life hath lapsed to its abrupt decline.

Still to the many, when my days are ended,  
And this frail form with kindred dust is blended,  
Earth will be bright as ever! Why should they

Weep for the lone Recluse, whose silent hours  
Passed like a dream away?

Yet will one hand its tribute bring of flowers;  
Daisies and violets, the first-born of Spring,  
'To scatter o'er my grave—Affection's offering!

One of the world's great crowd,  
Whose lips have never breathed my name aloud,  
Will keep my memory green for evermore

Within her heart—a treasure shrined and cherished,  
Till the faint throbbings of that heart are over,

And darkly shall have perished  
All that the earth hath known of loved or lover,  
Leaving no trace on Time's dim, crumbling shore.

Thus fades my brightest dream—thus darkly pass

The fairest visions which were wont to play  
Like sunlight 'mid the shadows of my way!

I wake to know that I am dust—alas!  
'Too near allied to earth!—No Child of Song

Over my grave will pour funereal hymn,  
Or chant in solemn strain my requiem—  
And the weird winds that wildly sweep along,  
Will never bear my name

As one that dwells upon the human lip,  
Though once I thought to hold sweet fellowship  
Among the proudest of the sons of Fame!

Hopes—Dreams—Desires—of wild ambition born,  
Whose dazzling light athwart my early morn  
Streamed radiantly, and on my spirit fell  
Like a fire-baptism—ye who long have shone  
To blind, to wilder, as ye led me on—  
Your lights have sunk in darkness—so, farewell!

But ye—divinest spirits! Faith and Love!  
Sought long, and found at length—ye Cherubim!  
Hushing the heart's wild tumults with a hymn  
Such as the angels sing in Heaven above—  
We part not here!—for oh! have ye not told  
Of the Bright City with its gleaming towers,  
Its pearly gates, and amaranthine bowers,  
And streets all paven with translucent gold?  
Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor twinkling star,—  
But radiance brighter far,  
Streaming from God, whose glory is its light,  
Bars the approach of Night!

Thy radiant finger, Love!  
Beck'ning thy votary from the troubled streams  
Of earthly joy and sorrow, points above,  
Where in unclouded splendor beams  
The Sun of Righteousness!—and thou, oh Faith!  
Hast promised me the victory over Death!

And henceforth shall ye be,  
In life, in death, in immortality,  
Companions of my devious way,  
My guides from darkness to the full-orbed day—  
Leading me on through all the gloom of this,  
To an unshadowed world of life and light and bliss !

Then, Harp ! one more, one proud, exulting strain,  
Thy last and highest, poured in joy to Him  
Who led thee gently through the pathways dim  
Of pride—ambition—reason—not in vain  
Trod, since they brought me to a brighter way,  
And purer light, and everlasting day !  
To Thee, oh God ! who gave the power of song,  
And filled my spirit with imaginings  
Of beauty, glory, from divinest things  
Transfused into my soul—to Thee belong  
My Harp's expiring notes, triumphantly  
Poured in thanksgiving, reverence, joy and praise—  
And though the offering all unworthy be,  
Accept, oh PARACLETE ! the hymn I raise !

Thanks—that Thy light, though late,  
Showered from on high, the clouds did dissipate  
Which hung around me like a gloomy pall  
Whose heavy shades threw blackness over all !

Thanks—that my spiritual eye hath been unsealed  
And taught with strengthened vision to behold  
Something of that high majesty which, of old,  
Thou to Thy prophets and Thy saints revealed!

Glimpses of things divine  
Have been vouchsafed me in my life's decline—  
And that pervading peace, whose still repose  
Passeth all understanding! Thanks and praise  
That Thou with choicest gifts hast crowned my days,  
As they lapse gently to their final close!

## DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(A FRAGMENT.)

HERBERT. AGATHA.

*Agatha.*—Nay, be thou not thus moved. I am not wont  
To read disquiet in thy gentle eye,  
Nor see thy brow thus clouded. Time will bring  
Balm for this wound, and all. Have we not left  
Manifold blessings yet?—life—health—our babe—  
And, more than all, the love which maketh life  
An Eden full of untold bliss, and paints  
A rainbow on the cloud which even now  
Casts o'er our path a shadow? Oh, beloved!  
Having but thee, and living in the light  
Of thy clear eye, and feeling that thy love  
Like a sustaining spirit dwells with me;  
And Earth—ay, even its darkest, dreariest spot—  
Is full of beauty, and the woes which prey

On hearts less fraught with the prevailing power  
Bestowed by Love, sit lighter upon mine  
Than starlight shadows on the dreaming flowers.  
Cheer thee, my Herbert! Let thy forehead wear  
Still its serene expression, and thine eye,  
Filled with the deep soft light of other days,  
Beam on me still in tenderness, and Fate  
Can throw no shadow o'er us. Even the clouds  
Will glow with brightness, and the darkness wear  
A radiant look for us.

*Herbert.*

Sweet prophetess!

Life is to thee all sunshine, and thy heart  
Yet knoweth nought of agony. Oh God!  
But for the fate which linked thy life with mine,  
And thy young soul with gladness still had held  
Blessed companionship! But now the hand  
Which should have led thee unto deeper springs  
Of human bliss, and sheltered thee from ill,  
Must hold the poisoned chalice to thy lips,  
Till thy faint spirit staggers, drunk with wo!  
Why did we meet? A curse be on the day!

*Agatha.*—Oh Herbert, curse it not! Did not the  
          heavens

Smile on us when we stood with clasped hands  
Beneath the holy starlight, with our eyes  
Uplifted meekly to the firmament,  
And our lips quivering with a voiceless prayer?  
Then fell a blessing like the balmy dew  
Upon our asking spirits, till they thrilled  
With its pervading presence! Love and awe  
Were mingled in our souls, as there we knelt  
And pledged our earnest faith, while the calm sky  
Looked down upon us with its myriad eyes.  
Curse not that hour, my Herbert! Oh how fraught  
With deepest blessings to our trusting hearts!  
And not a shadow o'er the sky of love  
Hath come since then. Then bear thou nobly up,  
Oh, best beloved! and this dark cloud shall be  
Soon overpast.

*Herbert.*                      And is it then a thing  
Too light to move the soul of Agatha,  
That Treachery, wearing the familiar robe  
Of Friendship, that our hearts should bid him come,  
Steals to our hearth and robs it of the joy  
Which lived in our abundance?—is it nought  
That we are stripped of all, and from our home—  
The sanctuary of our wedded love—

Driven out friendless?—that our sinless babe  
Is made an heir to beggary and want?  
And, as the Fiend of Evil asked for more,  
Dishonor, deep and damning, o'er my name  
Dashed like a crimson stain?

*Agatha.*

Believe it not!

Malice itself shall never dare to breathe  
Of shame to my own Herbert. We are poor,  
But not dishonored—not a stain is thrown  
O'er thy fair name. Unsullied, it shall be  
Better to thee than wealth.

*Herbert.*

My Agatha!

God shield thee from the storm, for it *must* come!  
Thou knowest not how changed the world will be,  
When of our poverty the tale is told—  
How coldly those who at our board have sat  
Will look upon us. The averted eye—  
The curl'd lip of derision—the cold sneer—  
The heartless laugh—the mean suspicion, shown  
In shrug or start—all these thou yet must know;  
And these are but the preface of the stern  
And bitter lesson Poverty will teach.

*Agatha.*—Doubter! thou knowest not the power of

Love,

The fervor of its faith, if thou canst deem  
Such things can e'er appal it. It hath met  
Hatred, and scorn, and shame, and agony,  
Nor quailed at the companionship, nor shrunk  
From the fierce trial of its inborn power  
To dare or suffer.

*Herbert.*

Not for thee, dear one,

Was suffering made. I know thy love is strong,  
And quenchless as thy soul. But the rude wind  
Hath never swept thy spirit till its chords  
Wailed like a broken harp-string—nor hath Wo  
Laid his hot hand upon thy throbbing brain,  
Till Madness murdered Reason, and Despair  
Sat on the grave of Hope. The agony  
Which gnaws the heart like fire, thou hast not known,  
And canst not know and live. Thy *power* to bear—  
Not the frail spirit's *willingness*—I doubt.

*Agatha.*—Faithless and slow of heart! doubt not the  
power

Given by Love and Faith to Woman's heart.  
Hath it not conquered agony and shame,

And nerved the weak to venture unappalled  
Into the presence of consuming Power?  
To stand unmoved and wipe from pallid brows  
The death-damps, anguish-gathered?—to sustain  
With words of high endurance and calm faith  
The strong of heart, when fainting?—and to lure  
Back from Despair the mighty, when their power  
Is torn away, and Scorn hath set his heel  
Upon the fallen? What Woman's love hath dared,  
Thine Agatha's will dare—what she hath borne,  
I, weak and frail, can bear.

Nay, look not thus!

But for this gloom of thine, my soul should rise  
In thanks to God, that he hath brought a shade  
Over our paths. *Now* thou shalt know how well  
I love thee, Herbert. While our way was strown  
With roses, giving fragrance to our tread,  
And the glad sunlight of continual joy  
Was in our eyes, and blessings were rained down  
Upon our heads profusely, what could try  
The faith of a young, trusting, loving heart?  
Now that our road is thorny—the glad sun  
Hideth his light awhile—and we must feel  
The Chastener's hand upon us—thou shalt know  
The priceless treasure of a woman's love,

Till in the fulness of thy noble heart  
Thou shalt bless God for this thy suffering,  
That it hath taught thee what a wife may dare  
For him her heart adores.

*Herbert.*

I will not throw

A chill, dear Agatha, upon thy breast,  
Nor check thy sweet enthusiasm. 'The light  
Of thy faith-strengthened spirit may grow dim,  
But cannot wholly die. Its fires are fed  
From heaven's eternal altars, and thy God  
Shall give thee strength proportioned to thy need.  
Go—thou hast given me a sustaining power  
For future hours of trial. If *thy* soul  
Be thus upheld, mine shall not feebly shrink  
Before the gathering tempest.

*Agatha.*

Now I know

Thou art my own proud Herbert—for I see  
Thy strong soul beaming from thy glorious eye,  
And the firm lip curled slightly with resolve.  
The gloom hath left thy brow—nor shade is there,  
Save of thy dark, damp locks. Thou lookest now  
As when with playful fingers I would part  
The soft hair on thy forehead, and with joy

Too deep for words, gaze long and earnestly  
Upon its broad white surface, till I deemed  
I read it as a book, and my fond lips  
Drew near it tenderly—as now—until  
Their fervor melted—thus—into a kiss!

*Herbert.*—God shelter thee, my lamb! Adversity  
Draweth thy soul more closely into mine.  
Not now I speak my thanks—yet thou shalt know—  
The Future shall reveal it, Agatha—  
Thou hast not poured the treasure of thy love  
Upon a worthless shrine!

## MORNING HYMN.

PSALTERY and harp, awake! awake!

Him will we praise, with cheerful voice,  
Whose constant power and goodness make  
The outgoings of the Morn rejoice!

Sing to the Lord!—the shades of night  
At his command have passed away,  
And early Morning's doubtful light  
Hath brightened to the full-orbed day!

Watched by that Eye which never sleeps,  
Safe, and in confidence, we slept—  
Who suns and stars in motion keeps,  
His servants faithfully hath kept.

No earthquake shock—no hungry flame—  
No tempest, with destroying breath,  
At midnight to our dwelling came,  
To make our sleep the sleep of death.

With life preserved, with strength renewed,  
Help us Thy purpose to fulfil,  
And manifest our gratitude  
By meek submission to Thy will!

Oh, keep us, Father! through the day—  
Sustain, uphold, instruct, and guide—  
Nor suffer us from Wisdom's way  
To turn to paths of sin aside.

So, when our pilgrimage is trod,  
And from our eyes earth's shadows gone,  
Hidden our life with Christ in God,  
We shall awake to Heaven's bright morn!

## EVENING HYMN.

THROUGH the changes of the day  
Kept by Thy sustaining power,  
Offerings of thanks we pay,  
Father! in this evening hour;  
Praises to Thy name belong,  
Source and Giver of our good!  
And though feeble is our song,  
It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned—  
From the snares in secret set—  
We have, through Thy mercy, found  
Safety and deliverance yet!  
And Thy loving-kindness hath  
All the day to us been shown,  
While profusely on our path  
Richest blessings have been strown!

SPIRIT! who hast been our light,  
And the Guardian of our way,—  
Let Thy mercy and Thy might  
Keep us for another day!  
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,  
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest;  
And, when Morning gilds the sky,  
Our awaking shall be blest!

Like the breath which stains the glass  
For a moment, and is gone,  
Thus, oh God! our life doth pass,  
While the night of Death comes on—  
Let us, then, in wisdom spend  
All the moments as they flee,  
So when life and labor end,  
We may fall asleep in Thee!

## PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, oh God ! and plead my cause  
Against the men who break thy laws ;  
From the deceitful and unjust,  
Oh save me, Thou in whom I trust !

For thou art of my strength the God—  
Why do I feel Thy chastening rod ?  
Why doth my soul in mourning go,  
For the oppression of the foe ?

Oh send Thy light and truth abroad  
To guide me in the way to God—  
To lead me to Thy holy hill,  
Where stand Thy tabernacles still.

Then to thine altar, LORD ! to Thee  
The gladness of my joy, I'll flee ;  
And anthems of thanksgiving raise,  
And sound, with harp and voice, Thy praise !

Why art thou sorrowful, my soul?  
Thy thoughts like heaving billows roll,  
When storms are on the sea abroad—  
Why art thou troubled? Hope in God!

For I shall praise Him with my breath,  
Who saves me from devouring death;  
And in the congregation tell  
His goodness to His Israel!

## THE AVENGER OF THE SLAVE.

“For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.”—*Psalm* xii. 5.

WHAT though the oppressor's arm is strong,  
And seems his tyrant-grasp secure?  
He to whom vengeance doth belong,  
Will vindicate His poor!  
Not vainly shall the needy sigh  
Amid his anguish and despair—  
A God of justice reigns on high—  
The answerer of prayer!

Long hath the bondman, at his toil,  
Bent, shrieking 'neath the bloody thong;  
Long hath the helpless been the spoil  
Of avarice and wrong—  
The needy hath gone down to death,  
Unpitied, and his wrongs forgot,  
Till in his heart the tyrant saith,  
“The Lord regards it not!”

Vain hope! for hath not ISRAEL'S GOD  
    Been from of old consuming fire,  
Who in his wrath the people trod,  
    And trampled them in ire?  
And will not he, beneath whose frown  
    The pride of Egypt turned to dust,  
Smite with his bolts the oppressor down?  
    A retribution just!

Tremble! ye despots of our land!  
    For the oppression of the poor,  
In judgment God shall lift his hand  
    And burst their prison-door!  
For He hath heard the captive's sighs,  
    He sees the tears ye cause to flow,  
And, girt with vengeance, will arise—  
    Wo, to the tyrant!—wo!

PSALM XXIII.

THOU art my Shepherd, gracious Lord !

By Thee are all my wants supplied—  
And while I feed upon Thy word,  
I own Thee Guardian and Guide !

Amid a green and goodly land,  
Beside the lapse of quiet streams,  
Thou ledest me with loving hand,  
Where every tree with fruitage teems.

From sin, and shame, and sore distress  
My wandering soul dost Thou reclaim ;  
And in the paths of righteousness  
Dost lead it for Thy glorious name.

Yea, though involved in deepening gloom,  
I tread the shadowy vale of death,  
No evil shall anigh me come,  
Supported by thy staff beneath.

Thy bounty doth a table spread  
Before me in the midst of foes;  
With oil dost Thou anoint my head—  
My cup with gladness' overflows.

Goodness and mercy from the Lord,  
Shall crown my life through all my days;  
And in Thy house will I record,  
— Oh God! thine everlasting praise!

## A DESCRIPTION.

HER step is like a queen's—majestic—slow—  
And full of conscious dignity—not pride;  
But such a dignity as one who long  
Hath held communion with the majesty  
Of Nature in her every mood, and learned  
Lofty and godlike principles, must feel—  
A consciousness of wearing on the soul  
The seal of immortality! Her brow,  
Placid and smooth as polished ivory,  
Seems the high home of calm and earnest thought;  
And the dark luxury of glossy hair,  
Wreathed carelessly above it, casts a shade,  
Softer than that of sorrow, yet half sad,  
Upon its stainless beauty, rendering  
The whole expression of her features calm  
And meek as chastened loveliness itself.

## BEGGARS.

“For the poor shall never cease out of the land.”—*Deut.* xv. 11.

SEE! by that crazy hut they stand,  
Poor outcasts—children of Distress,  
Haply of Crime—a mournful band,  
Involved in want and wretchedness!

The tattered garment, patched and pinned—  
Quaint robe—it warms not, nor conceals;  
Tossing their rags, the wanton wind  
Their bony nakedness reveals.

They shrink before the biting blast,  
They shiver in the frosty air,  
And ever and anon they cast  
To Heaven a look of dumb despair.

And Heaven that look may heed—but see!  
The rich man in his chariot rolls  
Pompously by, nor heedeth he  
The anguish of those stricken souls.

Covered with fur from head to heel,  
What cares he that the air is frone ?  
Alack ! the proud are slow to feel  
For outcasts, wretched and forlorn !

They pass the shivering wretches by,  
They thrust the needy from their door,  
And look on Want with pitiless eye :  
Oh God ! have mercy on the Poor !

They are our brothers—though forlorn  
And houseless through the world they go ;  
Our brothers—though the lip of Scorn  
With heartless jeer derides their wo.

Our brothers—though by men abhorred—  
God's ministers in mean disguise,  
They bring a message from the Lord,  
Not vainly to the good and wise.

Despise them not ! As ye regard  
The least who doth for kindness call,  
So shall the MERCIFUL reward  
With good or ill, who judgeth all.

Oh, never from amidst the land  
Shall cease these children of Distress!  
Then let us bring, with liberal hand  
Succor to all their wretchedness.

Subdue our selfishness and pride,  
And make our hearts, oh Christ! like thine,  
By deeds of mercy sanctified,  
And stirred by impulses divine!

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

“The prison unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.”

*Wordsworth.*

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

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### I.

#### SOLITUDE.

THE ceaseless hum of men—the dusty streets,  
Crowded with multitudinous life—the din  
Of toil and traffic—and the wo and sin,  
The dweller in the populous city meets—  
These have I left to seek the cool retreats  
Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers  
Built by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,  
And roofed with ivy, on the mossy seats  
Reclining, I can while away the hours  
In sweetest converse with old books, or give  
My thoughts to God—or fancies fugitive  
Indulge, while over me their radiant showers  
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,  
And thanks to HIM my meditations crown!

## II.

## A SIMILE.

HIS frail bark on a stormy ocean tost,  
Amid the wilderness of waves benighted,  
And with the howl of the mad surge affrighted,  
His rudder broken and his compass lost,  
While hard at hand the perilous coast uplifts  
Its frowning front, how turns the sailor's eye,  
Star of the North! to thee—as through the rifts  
Of the torn clouds thou tremblest in the sky—  
A hope, a promise, of deliverance nigh!  
So torn by fears and tossed on Doubt's dark sea,  
Perplexed, distressed, despairing, doomed to die,  
Dawned on my aching vision, radiantly,  
The star of Bethlehem!—and fear, doubt, despair,  
Fled from my soul as beamed that brightness there!

## III.

## CONSOLATION.

LIFE hath its trials—yet methinks 'twere well  
To pass unmurmuring through its thorny maze,  
And lift the trembling soul in frequent praise  
For streams of mercy which for ever swell  
And freely flow for us. We do not dwell  
In shadows which the eye can never pierce;

The foes around us, subtle, quick, and fierce,  
Are not omnipotent—and we may quell  
Their numberless legions in the strength of HIM  
Who veils his glory from the seraphim!  
'This is our field of warfare—yet even here  
There are some spots of verdure, shadowing forth  
Faintly, the glories which are not of earth—  
Then let us murmur not, nor faint, nor fear.

## IV.

## FAITH.

THE spirit of prayer, oh God! thy spirit is,  
Burning upon the altar of the heart,  
And struggling upward to THY throne, who art  
Sole Arbiter of human destinies.  
Not vainly, therefore, shall the cry arise  
From supplicating souls who look to thee,  
In the strong confidence of Faith, to be  
Sustained by Heaven when earthly comfort dies,  
And the heart fails through weakness. As our day,  
So shall our strength be;—therefore let us bind  
This promise to our heart, and on our way  
Press cheerfully, and with a steadfast mind;  
Joying to tread the path which thou hast trod,  
And of thy cup to drink, oh blessed SON OF GOD!

## V.

## MORAL REFORMERS.

If to the heroes of the olden time

Who fought and suffered, LIBERTY ! for thee,

Daring to die to make a People free,

Honors belong, and triumph-hymns sublime,

Making their names the watchword of a Clime,—

What meed of purest glory shall be given

To him who stands, sustained alone by Heaven,  
Battling with single arm a Nation's crime ?

Unmoved, unswerving, in the thickest fight,

Though scoffs, and jeers, and curses from the vile,

And hate, be poured upon his head the while,

The fearless champion of the TRUE and RIGHT ?

What meed for him ? Profane not with your lays

His name—for Earth no language hath to speak his  
praise !

## VI.

## THE DEAD CHILD.

ONE tiny hand amid his curls is lying

Over the blue-veined temple—and his face,

Pale as the water-lily, shows no trace

Of passion or of tears. The pang of dying

Left not its record on the beautiful clay,  
And—but the flush of life is stolen away—  
Well might we deem he slept. His ruby lip  
Weareth its freshness yet—and see! a smile  
Lingers around his mouth, as all the while  
The spirit with the clay held fellowship!  
And this is Death!—his terrors laid aside,  
How like a guardian-angel doth he come  
To bear the sinless spirit to its home—  
The sheltering bosom of the CRUCIFIED!

## VII.

### THE CAPTIVITY.

#### PSALM CXXXVII.

BURDENED with grief and sick with vain desires  
And passionate longings, silently we wept  
Beside the streams of Babylon, and kept  
Our thoughts on thee, oh Zion! Our hushed lyres  
Hung, stringless, on the willows, "Sing," cried they  
Who spoiled our homes and made of us a prey,  
"Sing us a song of Zion!" Vain demand!  
Wasted and worn, our temple-courts profaned—  
Our harps are mute—our cheeks with weeping stained—  
How can we sing amid the stranger's land?  
If thee, Jerusalem! my soul forget  
Amid the toil of bondage and its pain,  
Let my right hand no more its skill retain,  
And silence on my tongue its signet set!

## VIII.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IF, maddened by oppression, men have torn  
Their shackles off, and in an evil time  
Spurned all restraint, and steeped their souls in crime,  
Trampling laws, customs, creeds, in utter scorn,  
Giving the rein to license, and through blood  
Wading in quest of unsubstantial good,  
Till Earth the frenzy of her sons doth mourn—  
Reproach not LIBERTY! The winds long pent,  
The volcan's fires repressed, in finding vent  
Sweep on in desolation! So are born  
All monstrous crimes of Tyranny—rapine, lust,  
Murder, convulsion—then on her alone  
Vengeance be heaped! and Earth and Heaven will own  
The terrible retribution wise and just!

## IX.

## INFLUENCE OF SPRING.

WHAT time hoar Winter with his icy breath  
Flees from the presence of the coming Spring,  
And the flowers waken from their gelid death  
To breathe their odors on the zephyr's wing,  
While shrilly through the budding forests ring  
Notes from a thousand singing-birds, 'tis joy

To leave the strifes and tumults which annoy  
The worn heart in the haunts of men, and fling  
Care, like a garment, from us—that a sense  
Of Nature's harmony may pervade the soul,  
And winning with its witching eloquence,  
Subject the passions to her mild control.  
So shall a peace resembling that of heaven,  
To the tired heart that prays for rest, be given!

## X.

## RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow pane,  
And making mournful music for the mind,  
While plays his interlude the wizard Wind,  
I hear the ringing of the frequent rain:  
How doth its dreamy tone the spirit lull,  
Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,  
While busy Thought calls up the Past again,  
And lingers 'mid the pure and beautiful  
Visions of early Childhood! Sunny faces  
Meet us with looks of love—and in the moans  
Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones—  
And tread again in old familiar places!  
Such is thy power, oh Rain! the heart to bless,  
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness!

## XI.

## A LAMENT.

My feelings have outgrown my years! and now,  
Ere Time hath strown his silver in my hair,  
Or marked my forehead with the lines of care,  
With a clear eye and yet unshadowed brow,  
I walk abroad amid the haunts of men,  
Or through the pathless forests, where, alone,  
In wildest beauty, Nature, on her throne,  
Sits undisturbed—nor hill, wood, river, glen,  
Ocean, nor sky, can rapturous joy impart  
Such as in childhood lived within my heart.  
My heart is old—the quick sense of delight,  
The glow, the freshness of its earlier time  
Are swept away, and ere my manhood's prime,  
Age hath come down upon my soul like Night!

## XII.

## ABSENCE.

ABSENCE, they tell me, is the grave of Love!  
Can it be so, young bride? To selfish souls,  
Or such as sordid Avarice controls,  
It may, perhaps, be true. Affection's dove  
Makes its home only with the gentle heart;  
But when it once hath nestled there, nor change,

Nor chance, nor circumstance, can e'er estrange  
    'The bright one from its resting-place—'twill part  
Only with severing life—perchance not then,  
    Absence from thee but purifies the flame  
    Within my heart—its fervor is the same,  
With thee—away—in solitude—'mid men—  
It burneth brightly ever! Love's pure shrine  
Is in *thy heart*—its constant offering is *mine*!

## XIII.

## FORGIVENESS.

BETTER, in meekness and humility,  
    To bear the hate and spite of evil men,  
    When Obloquy unleashes from their den  
His hungry hounds to vex and worry thee,  
Than chafe thy spirit with anger—or to be  
    Vengeful of wrongs inflicted. Gird around  
Thy soul Religion's meek philosophy,  
    And with *forgiveness* heal the slanderer's wound!  
So shalt thou heap upon thine adversary  
    Live coals of fire—the kindlings of strong Love—  
    Causing contrition in his breast to move—  
While thine own heart shall be a sanctuary  
For holy thoughts and aspirations high,  
And pure affections which can never die!

#### XIV.

#### WINDS.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.”

WINDS! winged ministers of the MIGHTY GOD!

Potent to do His will—chainless and free,

Sweeping in conscious pride o'er earth and sea,

Where is the hiding of your power? Abroad

Ye rush on sounding pinions, and the tall

Magnificence of temples totters down

Before your path, as stricken by the frown

Of the AVENGER! O'er the sky, a pall

Of gloomy clouds ye hang—or dash to dust

The high-piled monuments of man's vain trust,

O'erwhelming cot and palace, tent and tower.

Ye Winds! where is the hiding of your power?

“God sent us forth to work his righteous will,

And God alone can bid us, ‘Peace! be still!’”

## XV.

## THE IDLER.

AN April day!—on the hill's southern slope,  
Where the young grass, beneath the eye of Spring,  
Looks greenest in its beauty, see him fling  
His listless form. Now give your fancy scope,  
And mark him as he looks with drowsy eye  
On the white clouds that fleck the hazy sky,  
Feeding his soul with visions—or, perchance,  
Lazily turning, he dissects the flower  
Expanding by his side,—or, hour by hour,  
Drinks in the wonders of some old romance.  
Oh, happy Idler! who severely deems  
Thy moments squandered, knows not of the stores  
Of thought thy soul doth gather, as it pores  
O'er Nature's volume filled with glorious themes!

## XVI.

## SABBATH MORNING.

THE holy radiance of a Sabbath morn,  
With its first wakening beautifies the hills,  
And glances downward, where the bright'ning rills  
Mingle their music with the voices born  
Of gladness in the Spring time—sweetest voices  
From the wild birds that thrid the intricate wood,

Making it vocal with their gratitude,  
While in their joy the human heart rejoices.  
A day of rest!—let care be thrown aside,  
And Toil suspend his weary search for gain,  
That the unburdened spirit wear no chain  
To check its converse with the CRUCIFIED!  
A day of joy!—the SAVIOR'S triumph-day,  
When Death and Hell were robbed of their IMMORTAL  
PREY!

## XVII.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BOLD men were they, and true—that pilgrim band,  
Who ploughed with venturous prow the stormy sea,  
Seeking a home for hunted Liberty  
Amid the ancient forests of a land  
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!  
Friends—country—hallowed homes, they left, to be  
Pilgrims for CHRIST'S sake, to a foreign strand—  
Beset by peril—worn with toil—yet *free*!  
Tireless in zeal—devotion—labor—hope—  
Constant in faith—in justice how severe!  
Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,  
Praise to their names! If called like them to cope,  
In evil times, with dark and evil powers,  
Oh, be *their* faith, *their* zeal, *their* courage *ours*!

## XVIII.

## EXPOSTULATION.

“Like thee, oh stream! to glide in solitude  
Noiselessly on, reflecting sun or star,  
Unseen by man, and from the great world's jar  
Kept evermore aloof—methinks 'twere good  
To live thus lonely through the silent lapse  
Of my appointed time.” Not wisely said,  
Unthinking Quietist! The brook hath sped  
Its course for ages through the narrow gaps  
Of rifted hills and o'er the reedy plain,  
Or 'mid the eternal forests, not in vain—  
The grass more greenly groweth on its brink,  
And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there,  
And of its crystal waters myriads drink,  
That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

## XIX.

## CONTINUED.

INACTION now is crime. The old Earth reels  
Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,  
Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold  
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels  
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels  
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.

He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemmed  
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels  
Of impious trampers rescued periled Right,  
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers  
Maliciously assailed. The poor man's tears  
Are unregarded—the oppressor's might  
Revered as law—and he whose righteous way  
Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

## XX.

## CONCLUDED.

WHAT then? Shall he who wars for Truth succumb  
To popular Falsehood, and throw down his shield,  
And drop the sword he hath been taught to wield  
In Virtue's cause? Shall Righteousness be dumb,  
Awe-struck before Injustice? No!—a cry,  
“Ho! to the rescue!” from the hills hath rung,  
And men have heard and to the combat sprung  
Strong for the right, to conquer or to die!  
Up, Loiterer! for on the winds are flung  
The banners of the Faithful!—and erect  
Beneath their folds the hosts of God's Elect  
Stand in their strength. Be thou their ranks among.  
Fear not, nor falter, though the strife endure,  
Thy cause is sacred, and the victory sure.

## XXI.

## SUPPLICATION.

JEHOVAH! throned in Heaven and veiled with light,  
Which man's weak vision may not pierce—Most High!  
Holiest and Mightiest! hear the feeble cry  
Of one who would be Thine, though now the night  
Of doubt and fear, in darkness wraps his soul!  
Thou who hast conquered Death and robbed the Grave  
Of its IMMORTAL VICTIM, hear and save  
A suppliant for Thy mercy! Oh, control  
The evil passions reigning now within  
A rebel spirit, goading it to sin—  
If from the dust, oh God! it may presume  
To lift a prayer for guidance unto Thee,  
Cleanse Thou its sins, from bondage set it free,  
And all its darkness with Thy light illumine!

## XXII.

## LOVEJOY.

OH, nobly hast thou fallen in the fight  
Of holy Freedom! and thy name shall be  
Henceforth the watchword of the Good and Free,  
Whose arms are nerved to battle for the RIGHT!  
In the dark days before us, 'mid the night  
Of a stern tyranny, we'll think of thee,

Martyr of God! and strike for Liberty  
With faith unwavering, and an arm of might!  
Not unavenged, oh Brother! shall thy blood  
Sink in the ground—its voice shall upward ring,  
A fearful cry to wake the slumbering,  
Reaching the ear of an avenging God!  
And millions, roused, shall swear upon thy grave  
Death to Oppression! Freedom to the slave!

## XXIII.

## THE WIFE OF LOVEJOY.

AND thou, devoted Wife! who nobly stood  
With martyr-zeal, and in the strength sublime  
Of a fond Heart, withstood the men of crime  
Who sought, with fiend-like rage, thy husband's blood—  
Bereft of earthly hope, and in the flood  
Of a dark sorrow overwhelmed, what now  
For thee remains? Submissively to bow  
And own the chast'ning of a Father's rod!  
God help thee, broken Heart! Thy sacrifice  
Is mighty, but it shall not be in vain—  
*His* blood!—*thy* tears!—they shall not sink, like rain,  
Unnoted to the ground. From freemen's eyes  
The scales are falling—and this wo shall be  
The ransom of a people! Joy, in grief, for thee!

## XXIV.

## CONTINUED.

Joy ! that through this, thy fearful suffering,  
Deliverance for the captive shall be wrought !  
The chain is snapped that bound the indignant thought  
In human breasts too long—and men will fling  
Fear from their spirits as they think of thee,  
And strike for Freedom till the Earth be free !  
For a stern purpose thou art set apart  
By this most bloody baptism ! 'Mid distress  
Then bear thou up, and gird around thy heart  
Strength for *his* sake who now is fatherless.  
Lean upon God and linger yet awhile,  
And from thy desolation thou shalt see  
The dawning of the day of Jubilee,  
When the freed Earth shall bask in Heaven's reviving  
smile !

## XXV.

## THE FAREWELL.

WEEP—for a Brother fallen!—weep for him  
Who first hath found a glorious martyrdom !  
Weep for the broken Heart!—the desolate home,  
Whose light of gladness is for ever dim !  
Who of us, next, on Slavery's bloody altar  
Shall meet his doom ? Thou only knowest, God !

Yet will we tread the path our Brother trod,  
Trusting in Thee! Our spirits shall not falter  
Amid the darkness of the coming strife,

Though drunk with agony the soul should reel!

Here, LOVEJOY! on thy bloody grave we kneel,  
And pledge anew our fortune—honor—life—  
All—for the slave!

Farewell!—thy rest is won!

One tear for thee!—then, strengthened, press we on!

## XXVI.

### SUMMER.

WREATHS on her brow, and blossoms in her hand,

Music, and sunshine, and the fragrant breath  
Of the voluptuous wind from the South land

Attending, while the Spring-time vanisheth,  
SUMMER comes forth! How regally she lifts

Her stately head, and like a crowned Queen  
Assumes her sceptre—yet with gentlest mien  
And prodigal hand she scatters choicest gifts

Over the earth, making the valleys smile  
With verdure, and the hills exult the while.

The cheerful laborer, toiling all day long

Amid the golden harvest, owns her power,  
And as his heart rejoices in her dower,  
He blesses Summer in his frequent song.

XXVII.

NOON IN MIDSUMMER.

THE hot sun from his noon-tide altitude,  
Looks on the fainting earth with burning eye,  
And the still lakes reflect a brazen sky  
On which no cloud its shadow dare intrude.  
Droops the frail herbage in the fiery glare,  
Asking in vain for moisture—and the maize  
Rolls its lithe leaves together, as the blaze  
Of Noon pours down, heating the sluggish air,  
And hushing the tired birds among the trees.  
The leaves forget their dances, for the breeze  
Hath gone to sleep within the caves of Ocean,  
And a most solemn stillness, which no sound  
Breaks, save the voice of waters, broods around,  
While Nature's heart hath almost ceased its motion.

## XXVIII.

### HOPE.

“The paramount *duty* that Heaven lays  
For its own honor on man’s suffering heart.”—*Wordsworth*.

POETS have painted thee an angel fair,  
Girded about with beauty, in whose sight  
Darkness puts on the attributes of Light,  
And Doubt half yields his sceptre. Thou dost wear,  
Upon thy regal brow, a light to scare  
Back to their den the demons that beset  
Our hearts with dark suggestions, such as fret  
The spirit to impatience—and Despair  
Flies from thy radiant smile. Nor do they err  
Who deem thee sent of Heaven, a minister  
To the sick heart—a friend to smooth the way  
Of Earth’s tired pilgrims, and with words of cheer,  
Teach them to look from gloom and darkness here,  
To the pure light of Heaven’s Eternal Day.

## XXIX.

A. C. R.

THE wealth of love which dwelt within thy heart—

The generous impulses that stirred thy soul—

The lofty faith asserting its control

O'er fear and doubt—the hope which seemed a part  
Of thy existence, making all things bright.

That thine eye looked upon—died these with thee,  
Oh, friend beloved! when darkly closed the night

Of death around thee? Sure, it cannot be!

For love like thine must live immortally

In some pure sphere where comes, nor cold, nor blight.  
So art thou blest!—and we who o'er thy dust

Pour unavailing tears, weep not that thou

Dost wear Heaven's radiance on thy starry brow—

But for ourselves alone—yet God is just!

## XXX.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

TWELVE moons have waxed and waned, twelve months  
gone by,

Each with its pregnant history of tears

In silence shed, of hopes grown dim, and fears

Dark'ning Life's page, of grief and agony,

Since to the light first oped thine infant eye,

And broke thy feeble wailing on the air.

Time hath dealt kindly with thee, and the prayer  
Of thy fond parents hath been heard on high.  
Each day hath given new beauty to thy form,  
New lustre to thine eye, and to thy smile  
An added brightness—and our hearts the while  
Have thrilled with new emotions, pure and warm;  
And day by day we ask of God, dear child!  
That He who gave may keep thee undefiled!

## XXXI.

## ORAT ILLA.

BEAUTIFUL creature! there is glory now  
On the unshadowed whiteness of thy brow;  
And the rich sunlight lovingly doth sleep  
In the bright meshes of thy golden hair.  
What are the mysteries thou readest there  
With thy blue eye intently fixed on Heaven,  
As if to con its pages? Say, Gildare,  
What are the glories to thy vision given?  
Doth thy meek spirit need the aid of prayer,  
Its unpolluted purity to keep?  
Oh, I could deem thee, as thou now art kneeling,  
With thy meek eye uplifted, more than saint—  
A seraph, all too glorious to paint,  
Tranced in a sweet delirium of feeling!

XXXII.

NEVER DESPAIR.

“The darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.”—*Cowper*.

DESPAIR thou not. What though the hours have laid  
Heavily on thy spirit, and the sun  
Hath dimly looked through clouds thy path upon,  
And of thy life each era hath been made  
A weariness? Still let thy soul be staid,—  
Though sorrow trouble, and disease alarm,  
And sin perplex,—on HIM whose outstretched arm  
Is mighty to deliver! He will aid  
The feeblest spirit that in faith uplifts  
A cry for succor. If thy heart despond,  
Think of the glorious rest this life beyond,  
And pray to Him who giveth perfect gifts—  
So shall the shadows which now veil the sky  
Disperse, and give Heaven's glories to thine eye!

## XXXIII.

## SICKNESS.

MIGHTY art thou, oh Sickness! and the strong  
And giant-limbed bow feebly to thy sway—  
Thy veriest whisper do the proud obey;  
Thou passest, like a conqueror, along,  
And iron nerves grow tremulous—the song  
Of merriment, the wassail-cry, are hushed,  
And the rose-tinted cheek that erewhile blushed  
Brightly amid the gay and youthful throng  
Grows pale as the white marble. O'er the mind  
Gifted and vigorous, thou also claimest  
A wide dominion, fettering the thought,  
Dimming the soul with richest treasures fraught,  
And human pride and man's high hopes thou tamest,  
And teachest all the frailty of mankind.

## XXXIV.

## MARY HOWITT.

PRIESTESS of Nature! in the solemn woods  
And by the sullen sea, whose ceaseless roar  
Speaks of God's majesty for evermore,  
And where the cataracts dash their shattered floods  
Down to the iris-girdled gulfs which yawn  
Eternally beneath, thy hand hath reared

Altars whereon no blood-stain hath appeared—  
But there, at dewy eve, or kindling dawn,  
Meek-hearted children, with their offerings  
Of buds or bursting flowers, together kneel  
In gladdest worship, till their spirits feel  
A new and holier baptism; while the springs  
Of joy are opened, and their waters flow  
Forth to the laughing light, exulting as they go!

## XXXV.

## TWILIGHT.

OVER one-half of earth the coming Night  
Hath cast its shadow—yet the glowing west,  
Covetous of the sunbeams, in its breast  
Gathers the latest lingerers, briefly bright,  
Exulting in their glory. Fades the light  
Slowly along the heavens—and see! a star  
Timidly gazing from its home afar,  
With a kind look, as not forsaken quite  
Of angel-visitants were this terrene sphere.  
Glad voices on the wind are borne along—  
And thrills the dewy air with tremulous song,  
Gushing from harps aerial! Let thine ear  
Drink in the melody—while the twilight dim  
Fades into deeper night—it is Earth's vesper-hymn!

## XXXVI.

## NIGHT.

NIGHT broods o'er earth with shadowy wing unfurled,  
And the pale stars look tremulously down  
Like spirits on a hushed and slumbering world—  
Their glow is softly resting like a crown  
Of silver on the brow of hill and mount,  
And the low music of yon gushing fount  
Floats like a Peri's voice upon the air,  
Murmuring solemnly a solemn prayer!  
Comes a low whisper to the listening Earth,  
Seeming of mingled pleasure and regret,  
As if the spirits of the air had met  
To mingle sorrow in one tone with mirth;  
Chastening the heart that lingers in their spell,  
Yet filling it with joy unspeakable!

## XXXVII.

## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

PARTED from thee, beloved of my soul!  
Still art thou present to my constant thought,  
And with thy memory is my spirit fraught,  
Though mountains rise and floods between us roll!  
The sweet idea of thee brooks no control,  
Nor heeds the barriers interposed by space—

My heart, o'erleaping all, in thy embrace  
Rests, as attained Affection's wished-for goal,  
Nor asks for more. With memories sweet and holy—  
With hopes that lift to Heaven the spiritual eye—  
With feelings pure, and aspirations high—  
Though chastened by "divinest melancholy"—  
Thy name is linked. The wedded, heart with heart,  
Time—absence—space—are impotent to part!

## XXXVIII.

## CONSTANCY.

SICKNESS hath laid his hand upon thy brow,  
And snatched the liquid lustre from thine eye,  
And thy attenuate form moves languidly—  
Yet to my spirit thou art dearer now  
In thy frail helplessness, than when the glow  
Of health was on thy cheek, and every limb  
Was life and action. Though Disease may dim  
The beauty of thy girlhood, and may throw  
Paleness o'er every feature, its control  
Cannot obscure the lustre of thy soul—  
*That* shall grow brighter as its fragile frame  
Weareth away—and Love, which is to thee  
A portion of thy spirit, still shall be  
Deathless as that, and pure—a bright, celestial flame!

XXXIX.

HARRIET.

“ My love is not that silvery mist  
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed.”

IF thou wert dear in sunny days gone by,  
When hand in hand we trod Life's Eden-bowers,  
And, happy, laughed away the rosy hours—  
If thou wert dearer when, confidingly,  
Thou stood'st with me, and plighted thy young faith,  
Vowing to love, unchangeably, till death—  
Now, as I gaze into thy gentle eye,  
Radiant with love, serene in hope and trust,  
My spirit owns thee *dearest*, and I must  
Yield my whole heart in wild idolatry  
To thee, my earthly idol! If I sin,  
Still will I fondly hope to be forgiven,  
For, though an earthly temple shrined within,  
Bright one! in thee I worship less of earth than heaven!

## XL.

## STARS.

ETERNAL watch-fires on the walls of Heaven !

What time o'er earth ye rain your mystic light,

While wake the spirits of the shadowy night,

Filling the air with whispers—is there given

A spell of power unto you, that ye bind

Unholy thoughts and passions, till the mind

Asserts its mastery, and gives new might

To every holy feeling? Still and bright,

Ye burn for ever in your home above ;

And the pale star-beams wander to the earth,

As angels sent on embassies of love—

To holy aspirations giving birth,

And telling of a better world than this,

Where, pure from every taint, the spirit dwells in bliss !

## XLI.

## THE FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

THE Summer looks on earth with dying smile,

And grief and gladness in that smile are blended,

For her brief sovereignty is well-nigh ended ;

Yet blessings cluster in her path the while,

And men's lips speak her praises—for her hand

Hath been profuse of gifts—the golden grain,

The ripening fruit, whose cheek hath caught its stain  
From the sun's noonday kiss—for these, the land  
Exults through all her borders. So, in death,  
Thou canst look back, oh Summer! with an eye  
Serene with gladness, and as good men die,  
Calm and in hope, resign thy parting breath,  
And Autumn's winds that moan above thy bier,  
Shall tell thy deeds to the decaying Year!

## XLII.

## AUTUMN.

THE sobbing winds, with fitful swell and fall—  
The solemn woods, whose foliage hath been kissed  
By the Frost's gelid lips—the gathered mist  
Scudding athwart the sky—and over all  
A sombre veil that seems a floating pall,  
Dim-seen yet palpable, beneath whose shade  
Earth's greenness withers and her bright flowers fade—  
These speak of thee, oh Autumn! Thou dost call  
Thy ministers around thee, and in scorn  
Of Summer's beauty, all of Summer born—  
Leaves, flowers, and fruits—are scattered on thy blast!  
Yet art thou welcome with thy frown severe,  
Thou bounteous "Almoner of the dying year!"  
For thou its treasures in Earth's lap dost cast.

## XLIII.

## WINTER.

A VOICE of wail—a moaning in the woods—  
A low, sad moaning, as of spirits sighing,  
And winds in mournful cadences replying!  
The fainting storm communeth with the floods,  
And the floods mourn—for Autumn hath departed,  
And kingly Winter, stern and iron-hearted,  
Hath stilled their voice of music, and hath flung  
Ice-fetters over them. The birds that sung  
Their glad hymns in the forest, ere the wind  
Tore with rude hand their summer-homes away,  
Have sought a warmer clime, and all the day  
Weave their delicious music unconfined.  
What a weird power hath Winter! Nature feels  
His potent touch, and humbly at his footstool kneels.

## XLIV.

## JANUARY 1, 1834.

WHAT record bearest thou, departed Year,  
To the dim chambers of Eternity?  
Thy purpose is accomplished—and with thee  
We meet no more for ever!—meet not *here*—  
Though it may be that in some future hour,  
Summoned by Death before Jehovah's throne,

Spirit of Time! our trembling souls shall own  
The presence of thy now unheeded power,  
As with the history of hours misspent—  
The squandered gifts of the Beneficent—  
Thou point'st thy phantom-finger, dim and cold,  
To the dark record of our guilt, unrolled  
Before a gathered world! Oh God forgive  
The errors of the past, and teach us how to live!

## XLV.

## WAR.

THE vulture hovers o'er the reeking plain,  
Called to the feast of Death, by Glory spread—  
A mingled mass of dying and of dead—  
While cannons roar and trumpets shriek amain,  
And fierce-eyed Havoc, drunk with human gore,  
Yet reckless, sateless, yells in rage for more!  
Shudder, oh Earth! and cover not thy slain—  
Hide not their blood, which from the steaming sod,  
Cries loud for retribution! Shall not God,  
Ye chiefs, ye warriors—progeny of Cain—  
Visit the lands for this? The widow's cries  
Witness against you—and the orphan's shriek  
Is heard in Heaven! Your hands with murder reek,  
And God abhors your bloody sacrifice!

## XLVI.

## CONTINUED.

How long, oh Lord! how long shall Carnage reign,  
And mad Ambition and demoniac Rage,  
With sway despotic, o'er Thy heritage?  
Shall dove-eyed Peace ne'er smile on man again?  
Shall Justice frown, and Mercy plead, in vain,  
While smokes the earth with blood, and rampant War  
Crushes the Nations 'neath his iron car,  
Gorging himself with hecatombs of slain?  
Shall Truth be dumb, shall Virtue shrink, afraid  
To pour rebuke upon the sons of Hell—  
The fiends of Passion—who, with purpose fell,  
Still drive in human blood their demon trade?  
Forbid it, righteous God! assert Thy sway,  
Till Earth shall hear Thy voice, and hearing shall obey!

## XLVII.

## PEACE.

THE prayer is heard. A light is faintly gleaming  
Through clouds that long have darkly brooded o'er  
Benighted Earth—and soon on us shall pour  
Diviner radiance from the heavens streaming!

That herald-light shall brighten to the morning  
Of a Millennial day—and in its dawning  
Murder shall die, the reign of Rapine cease!

Then to the winds shall God unfurl his banner,  
And Earth, through all her borders, shout hosanna,  
And bless thy sway, INCARNATE PRINCE OF PEACE!

Oh! let the auspicious Day salute our eyes,  
When men shall live in holiest fellowship,  
And hallelujahs dwell on every lip,  
And mingled prayers and praises greet the skies!

## L'ENVOI.

### I.

SPIRIT of Song! farewell!

Dear Harp! the solace of my darker days—

Thy chords no longer shall responsive swell  
To lay, or legend, psalm, or song of praise!

I tear thy quivering strings,  
With hand reluctant, one by one, apart,  
And listen with wet eye and sorrowing heart,  
To thy last melancholy murmurings.

### II.

For even in the bright

Glad hours of Childhood, ere the hand of Care

Had touched my forehead, thou wert my delight—  
As seraph-songs that float upon the air

Amid the twilight dim,  
Seemed thy low music to my listening ear;  
While in thy faintest notes my soul could hear,  
With solemn joy, Life's everlasting hymn!

## III.

Nor Passion, Lust, nor Pride,  
With touch unholy hath profaned thy chords—  
Of love, of faith, of courage sanctified  
By deeds of mercy—of divine rewards  
Kept for the pure—thy themes  
Have been of these—and oh! have not thy tones  
Sunk upon human hearts like benisons,  
Or the sweet whispers Childhood hears in dreams?

## IV.

Rapine—Convulsion—War—  
The pomp and tinsel of unrighteous Power—  
Bloated Oppression, yoking to his car  
Immortal men, and rampant to devour  
The widow's, orphan's mite—  
Oh Harp! thou had'st no triumph-song for these—  
No chant sublime to tell their victories,  
In desolation traced, and wo, and blight!

## V.

But for the poor and lowly—  
The hopeless—homeless—for the bleeding slave—  
The broken heart to cheer with comforts holy—  
To lift the mourner's eye above the grave,

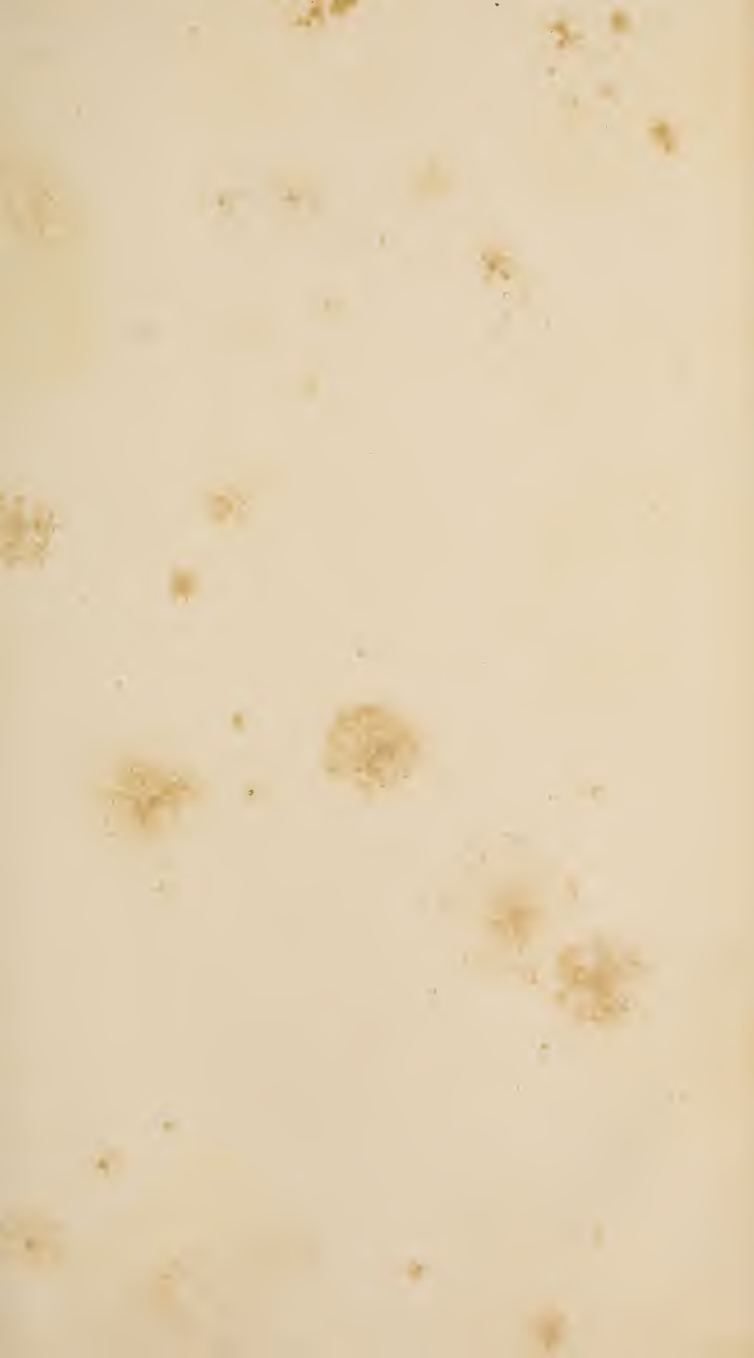
And fix its gaze on Heaven,  
Thy chords have thrilled responsive to my song—  
For Truth, for Right, in stern rebuke of Wrong,  
Clear, bold, untremulous, hath thy voice been given!

## VI.

Yet may I wake no more  
Thy latent melody—Dear Harp! farewell!  
Youth's hopes and Fancy's dream alike are o'er—  
No more with me the Poet's visions dwell.

Thy chords are torn apart,  
Oh never more to thrill to touch of mine—  
Yet haply, Harp! these gentle strains of thine  
May linger long in many a loving heart!

MARCH 14th, 1841.





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104

